THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A rated Weekly Magazine
D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOV. 3, 1906 5c. THE COPY

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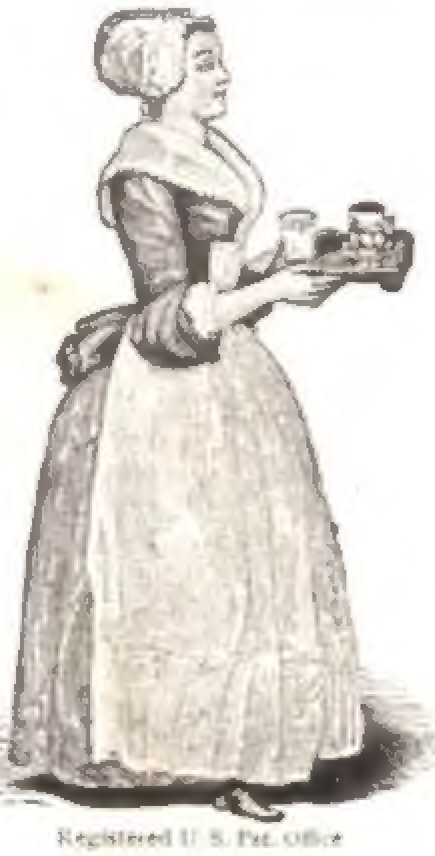
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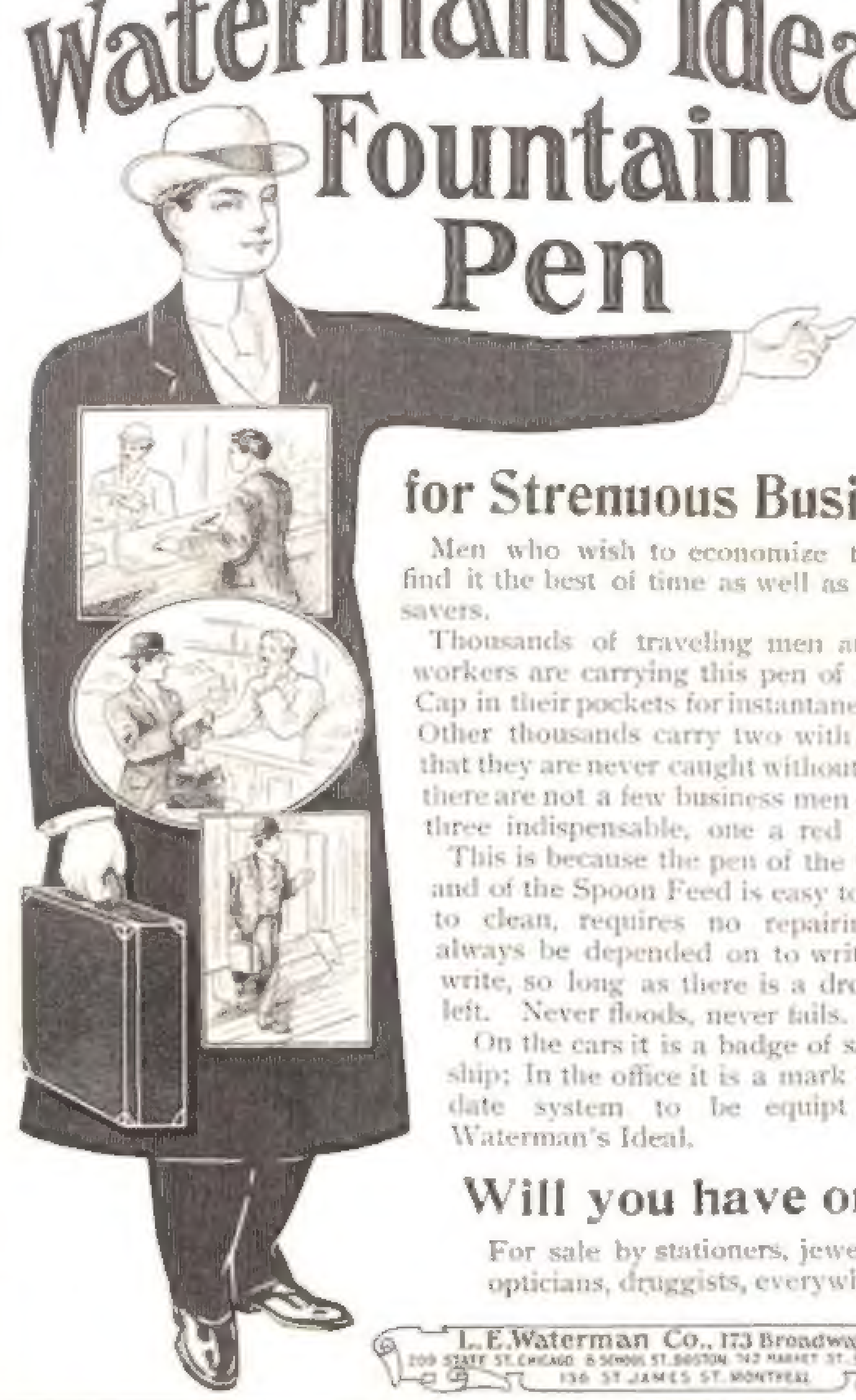

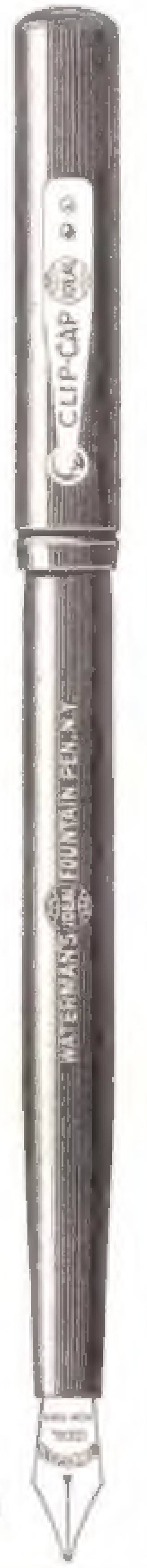
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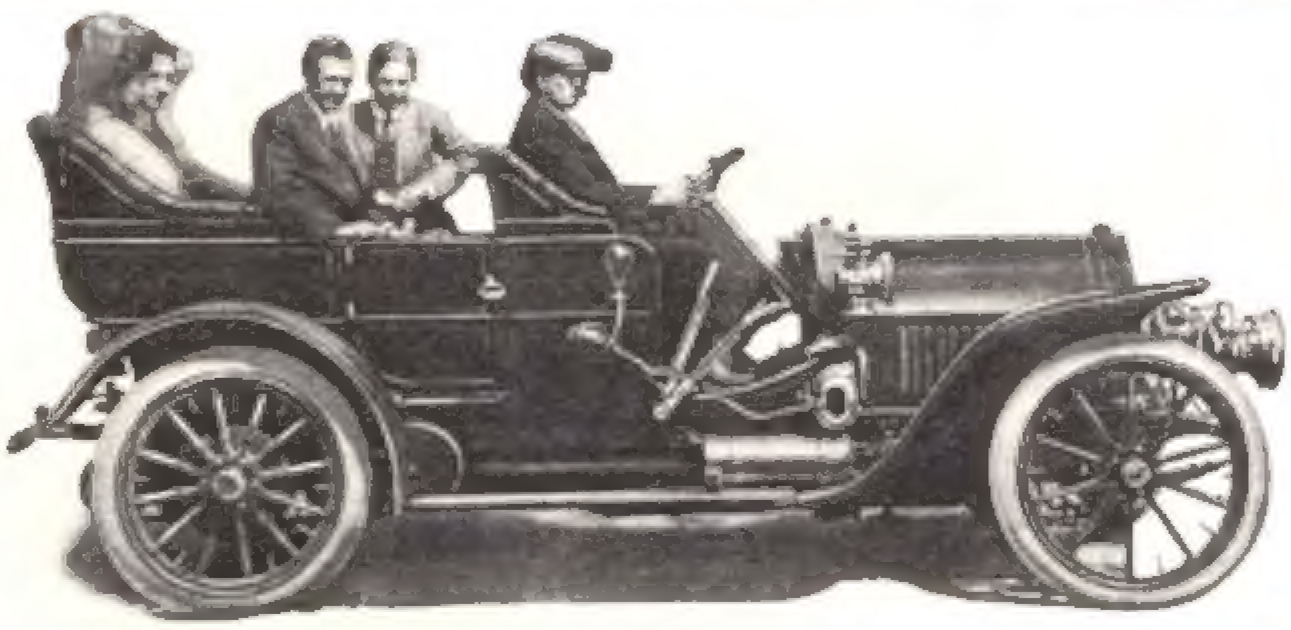

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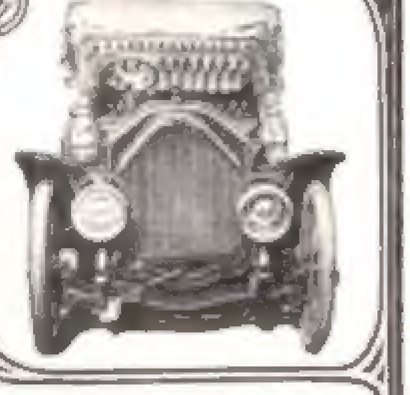

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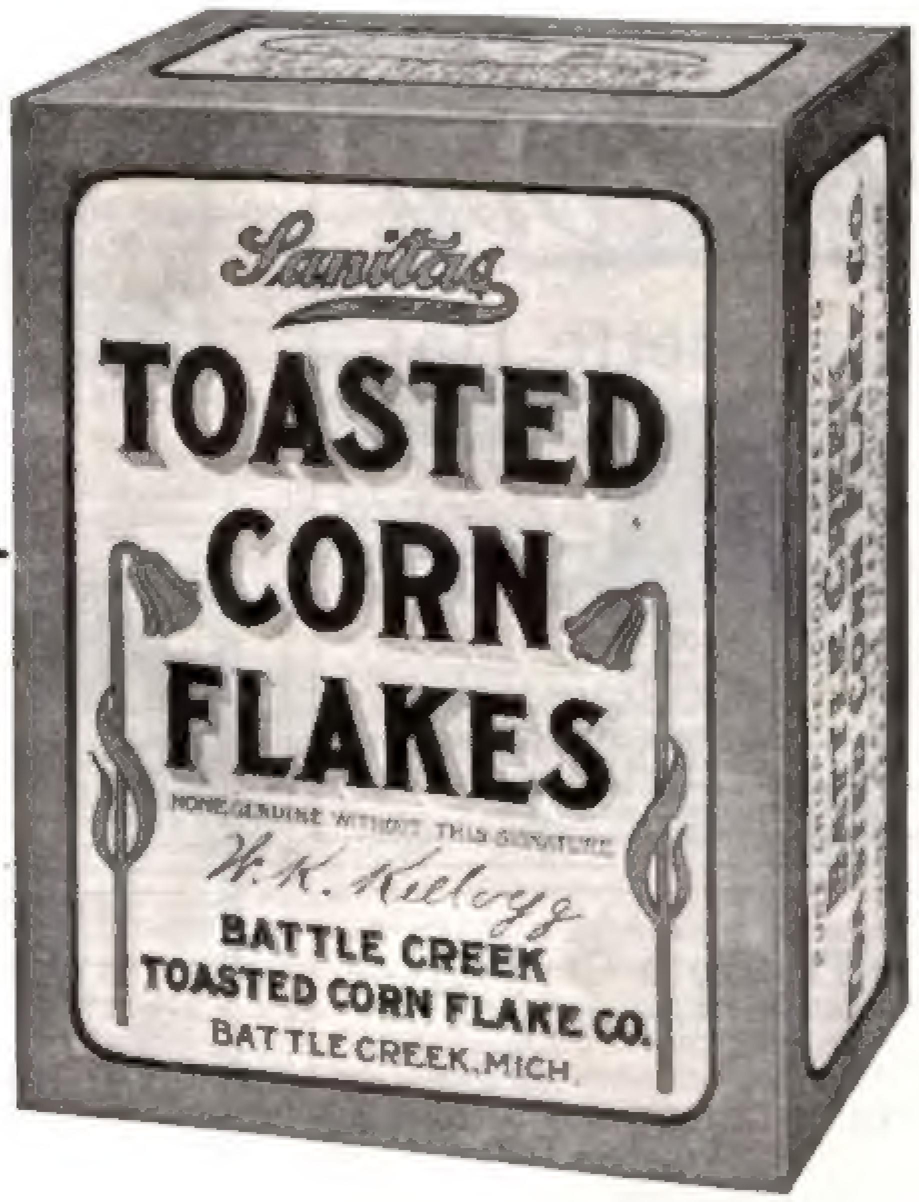
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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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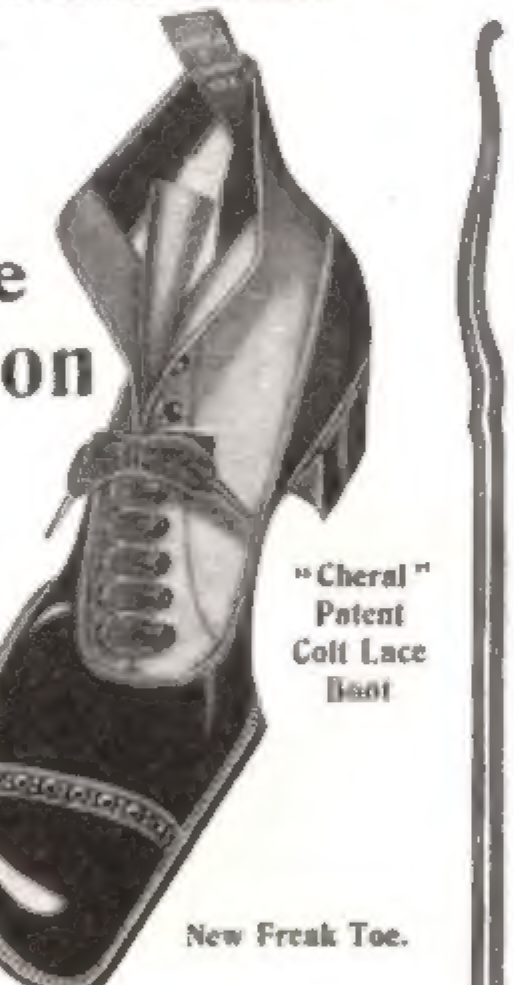
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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3, 1906 Number 18

CITIES MADE TO ORDER

A Business Establishment in Gary

Gary of the Steel Trust Whiting of the Standard, and Pullman of the Past

BY WILL PAYNE

View Along Broadway, Gary

PROBABLY the country at the southernmost point of Lake Michigan was intended for dwarfs. It is overgrown with scrub oaks. It undulates with little sandy hills ten feet high. The Grand Calumet, which is ten yards wide in places, winds along a valley that you seem to see through an inverted telescope. It would be quite picturesque for people about a foot tall. There being no people of a size to fit the landscape, and the soil being all sand, it was deserted up to last spring.

Now, under these stunted trees, you come here and there upon some tents, or a group of rough pine shacks, set down at haphazard as though many persons had been scatteringly inspired to seek the simple and untidy life. Then you come upon an enormous gash cut through the dwarf forest, straight as a ruler, about a mile long and a hundred feet wide, all pale yellow sand. A narrow-gauge railroad track has been flung down its entire length. At the south end a numerous gang of men is covering the sand with a solid pavement. The north end, after crossing the miniature valley of the Grand Calumet, on a fill that took train-loads of sand, spreads out fanlike in a level, new-made plateau which swarms with men and machines.

The huge gash is Broadway, the central north and south street of Gary, the new steel town. Looking to right or left, you see a drift of smoke above the little trees; a water-tank protrudes. The broad whitish splotch of sand against the green over there is where they are straightening a bend of the river. Farther down, they are digging a canal to connect river and lake. Soon ore-laden steamers will be coming by canal and river to the docks which will arise under your feet. These aimless-looking rows of stone pillars are the foundation of a machine-shop.

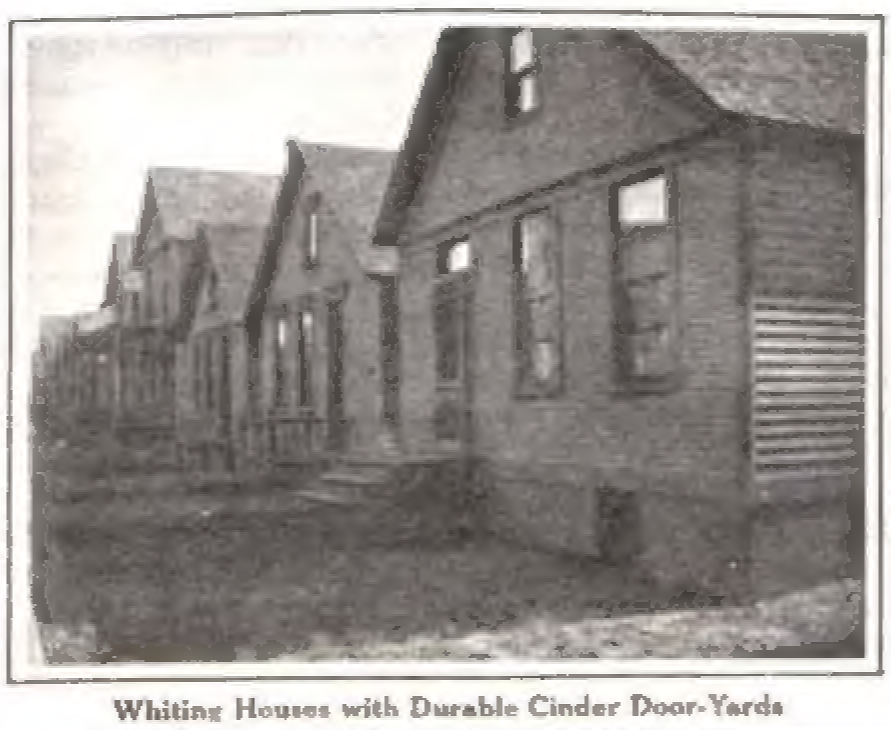
It looks exceedingly raw and heterogeneous as yet. The row of rough pine shanties along either hillocked edge of Broadway might be mistaken for the town—shanties with rude signs, disproportionately large, announcing lodgings, meals, soft drinks, gent's furnishings. But they will disappear with the newly-painted freight car which is now the railroad station. The city of Gary is really here, all about you; some seven thousand acres of it. Every axe is swung in these woods, every spade plied, every furrow turned exactly according to the plan that was adopted months ago. The colossal force that has been so abruptly and dispersedly loosened upon the waste dwarf country was all thoughtfully prearranged. One day several gentlemen sitting in a snug room at 71 Broadway, New York, decided that the largest, best-equipped steel plant in the world should forthwith be built, with a town around it. They put a finger on the map at the toe of Lake Michigan, saying, "It will be here; it will be named Gary"; and the thing was done.

You may still see some square miles of scrub oak, yet this landscape under your eyes has practically ceased to be. The power of the plan is upon it. To all intents and purposes, Gary existed the moment the directors of the United States Steel Corporation voted aye, and went out to lunch. Really those are not sand piles topped by melancholy trees, but long dun-colored steel mills with belching chimneys—just as the picture is already really changed when the artist decides to paint out the dog and put in a table. The Steel Corporation appropriated $10,000,000 for the first year's work. The rest is almost automatic. It may take four years or five, and cost seventy-five million, or a hundred, but those details are unimportant.

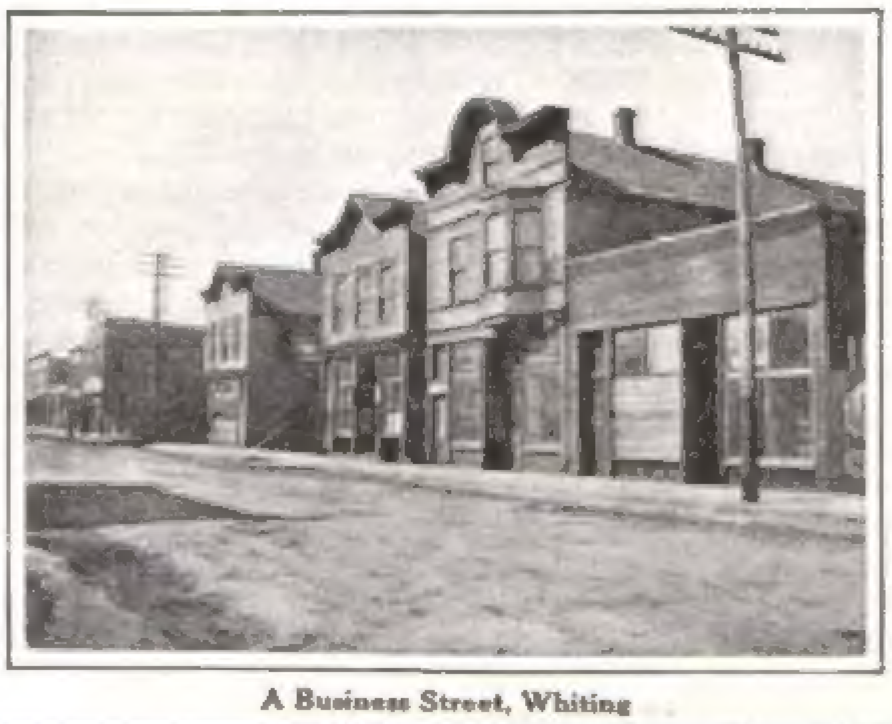
This creation of a city by an act of autocratic will is very fascinating. Many great monarchs have tried it—some quite successfully. Latterly big corporations have done it—sometimes with a considerable measure of success. Gary, being the creation of the biggest corporation, will naturally be the biggest company-made town. Its location is economically good. There is no longer any particular reason why steel should be made in Pittsburg, except that there was such a reason long ago; hence a vast capital is invested in plants there. Ore must be brought down the lakes by boats, then shipped in by rail. Coal and coke must also be shipped in. Lying in the mountains, with heavy grades, it has no natural advantages as a distributing point for products. Gary will get ore, with a shorter haul, direct from the boats; and it lies in the big ganglion of east-and-west railway nerves The mills, of course, will be the best and most modern, with all approved devices for economical operation. When the plan is carried out they will handle five million tons of ore annually and turn out some two million tons of steel—all to the best advantage. But I suppose nobody except a stockholder in the United States Steel Corporation is really interested in that, since cheaper production means only larger dividends.

It would be rather absurd to doubt that Gary will be a success for the Steel Corporation. It will be a town in which large quantities of pig-iron, blooms, billets, spiegeleisen, skelp, rails, beams, angles and bars will be produced economically, all of which will be duly set forth for stockholders in the annual statements and for industrial students in the census reports. Also it will be a place in which fifty to one hundred thousand human beings will live. Probably one must wait to see how they live before he can answer very conclusively as to whether the town is a success or a failure.

On this human side the plan shows a hopeful improvement over some other company-made towns. Politically Gary will govern itself like any other American town—that gets the chance. The Corporation, I am informed, has almost decided to go the length of letting the inhabitants of Gary determine for themselves whether or not they want saloons—just like plain American citizens. This is encouraging. When I hear, concerning an industrial town, that the employing corporation is going to take the moral welfare of the population firmly in hand, I always feel exceedingly dubious. It seems to me it would be so much more practical if it would insure steady wages and give them good houses to live in. A cursory inspection of South Chicago—a few miles away—where



Whiting Houses with Durable Cinder Door-Yards



A Business Street, Whiting

A Residence Street, Whiting

this same corporation employs a considerable population, convinces me that it might find ways of exerting itself in their employees' behalf which would be less complicated than seeing to their moral welfare—although, on the whole, not so inexpensive. Personally, I should not like to have my morals taken care of, even by a United States Steel Corporation.

The Steel Corporation owns the Indiana Steel Company, which owns the Gary Land Company, which owns the town. But these devices are merely for legal purposes. The plan contemplates no graft to insiders in the way of land speculations, nor even much of a profit to the corporation on that side. The Land Company, I am told, sells lots about at cost for dwellings and stores. In the first month it sold $250,000 worth of them. The deeds contain restrictions, usual in such cases, requiring the purchaser to build within a specified time, and prohibiting the use of the premises for obnoxious purposes.

Being built from the ground up, according to a prearranged plan, Gary will have its streets paved as they are made. Water and sewer system, gas pipes, electric light and telephone wires and the like will be constructed and laid in advance of the actual need for them—thus avoiding the turmoil that commonly happens when a city grows of itself.

After meeting some basic prescriptions as to size and cost, each lot-owner may build according to his own taste and fancy. The basic prescriptions will impose a certain uniformity upon the different sections of the town. That is, a man will not be permitted to build a thousand-dollar house in the ten-thousand-dollar section. This ought to help admirably in the important matter—often so difficult in our democratic towns—of settling the social lines. I understand the general idea is to have the most costly houses to the east, so the sun will shine on them first.

The great steel plant will be built between the lake shore and the Calumet River, which cuts through Gary almost due east and west. The rest of the town will be south of the river—with four or five square miles to spread over. A leading idea was to make Gary a really attractive place to live in—certainly a startling novelty for a steel town. People live about the South Chicago mills because they have to. There, as in other steel towns, well-paid employees of the company usually reside as far as possible from the plant; in fact, a man's financial ability may be gauged by the distance he puts between his home and the mills. They expect to change this in Gary, and to create a city that a man will deliberately live in even when he has plenty of money to live somewhere else. This, certainly, is a splendid idea—mostly because it must obviously make Gary a better place of residence for the far greater number who haven't money enough to live away from the place where they work.

In addition to selling lots, the company will build houses to be rented and sold to employees. They will be very good houses, too; suited to various incomes. At this writing contracts have been let for 297 dwellings—just a beginning. Also contract has been let for a twenty-five-room school, and a temporary school building is under way, for there are already many children in this great camp. C. O. Holmes, well recommended, has been elected president of the board of education, and speaks enthusiastically about having the model public school system of the country. There is a vast amount of energy in this plan; it moves in numberless places at once. While the proprietor of the "gents' furnishing store" was tacking up the sign on his rude shacks, architects were completing the design for a "nobby" First National Bank building to occupy the site.

A Reward of Modesty

THE town is named after Elbert H. Gary, who was a modest railroad attorney in Chicago a few years ago. I don't mean that he personally is any less modest than he used to be, but his job is. He came within the ken of John W. Gates, and did the legal work in connection with forming the Federal Steel Company. That brought him within the ken of J. P. Morgan, who liked him, and made him president of the company—to the surprise of many, including some who would have been willing to take the position themselves. He is now chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation. When the corporation decided upon the town it needed a builder, so it took up an Indiana lawyer, known only to local fame, A. F. Knotts by name, and put him in the place.

The builders of Gary are attacking the problem of an industrial town with admirable vigor and enthusiasm. The problem, however, is a rather difficult one. It has been undertaken, from several angles, in this same vicinity.

For example, if you should walk north and westerly a few miles from Gary—crossing a lower, flatter country, with poor little pines, like a long left-over, badly-damaged and forgotten Christmas-tree stock, in place of the scrub oaks—you would come to Whiting, which that other great corporation, the Standard Oil Company, made and maintains. Verdure mostly disappears. The air smells as though somebody had upset a titanic kerosene lamp. It is hung with a dense and unpleasant smoke. Many acres of bare and cindery ground are set thick with enormous hat boxes made of iron and painted red. The hat boxes hold many million gallons of oil. Oil is refined at Whiting; but nothing else is.

Following the fence which incloses the mammoth plant, you finally come to a huddle of low and dingy red brick buildings with numberless chimneys from which rolls smoke so black and thick that it looks ponderous. You wonder that it doesn't tip the chimneys over. No money has been wasted on mere scenery. The gates are exceedingly simple structures of wood, with plain signs in red letters. The signs are not for the purpose of satisfying an idle curiosity, however. They say, "Private Property; No Trespassing." The gateman is good-natured, but his command of English is limited. He replies to an inquiry concerning your course by smiling, nodding and waving his arms in the general direction away from the works. Whatever your destination that is the way for you to go.

Accepting the gateman's genial assurance in this respect, you turn from the works and face a waste plot with some switch-tracks running over it. The weeds have an unhealthy look. The ground is pretty soggy. You have to skirt the puddles. This plot in front of the great plant, overhung by its smoke-pall, seems quite useless save for the railroad tracks. But it is not. Over at the right is a low, irregular, sandy ridge. That is the cemetery. Wooden crosses and small headstones stick up out of the blackened, sickly-looking weeds which are the only verdure. Misdirected hope set a shrub beside one of the headstones, and two pale leaves still cling to its otherwise bare, black sticks. Some of the crosses tilt, and headstones have fallen down. The names on the crosses are foreign, mostly Slavonic—so why should anybody bother? Here—you almost stumbled over it in the weeds—is a tiny stone with a lamb roughly carved upon it. Probably somebody has stumbled, for it has been loosened and stands askew. The baby's name is immaterial.

At the Pipe-Line's Mouth

WHITING is a splendid town—a great industrial success. The plant is probably the largest in the world, and the most efficient. Its capacity, I believe, is eight million barrels a year. Beneath this desolate ground run large iron pipes that extend even to the oil fields of Ohio, Indiana and the West. Streams of petroleum flow in through the pipes sluggishly and endlessly—as endlessly as the long lines of tank cars containing the refined product move out. It is most remarkable and admirable. The refining cost is remarkably and admirably low. This is what the Standard Oil Company built the town for, and it answers its purpose magnificently.

Morals are as infinitely remote from the scope of the plan as æsthetics or humanity. Beer signs greet one numerously. Dismal rows of frame shanties, also built by the Standard, do not delight the eye. They were not meant to. Cinders do not make a decorative door-yard; but they are cheap and lasting. There are no false pretenses here; no cheap plays to sentiment, nor expensive ones either.

The town answers its purpose. It contains some 4000 inhabitants. Other industrial towns exploit themselves; talk loudly about their advantages; even invite you to buy choice corner lots at a bargain. Not so Whiting. It does not figure solicitously in the real-estate columns. It asks, simply and coldly, to be let alone, and go on refining petroleum.

Although it is the site of an immense and highly flourishing industry, the town has a forlorn and unprosperous appearance. Except for a main street, the thoroughfares are generally unpaved. Unpleasant alleys slope away here and there to dark-complexioned puddles. A good many business buildings are empty.

Of course, there are, away from the works, some very good streets, with grass plots, vines and shrubbery before the modest, but not uninviting, frame houses. These houses also were built by the company. Employees able to produce the price would demand these things, and the company meets the demand, simply and unemotionally, as it does everything else—weighing out just exactly what is necessary to a pennyweight, and no more.

Its labor policy is regulated by the same fine scales. It is said that the Standard never recognized a union until the recent strike at Whiting forced its hand—at a juncture when much other trouble threatened. This, however, is not quite true. It has recognized teamsters' unions and signed contracts with them—when it had to; not before. Labor agitators, as a rule, have found it pretty barren ground, however. The plant, lying apart, in its own town, is very favorable for the development of an able system of espionage. If labor agitation started up, the company soon knew it, and discouraged it. But it has been more intelligent than merely to discharge employees who seemed to be getting agitated. It has always, I believe, paid the fair going wage; sometimes, when the air appeared to be getting disturbed, it has paid a little over the going wage—always, you understand, just exactly as much as seemed necessary to get the best results. Thus, probably, it has had less trouble from labor unions than any other so large employer.

Recently, at Whiting, it made a small tactical error; it weighed out an ounce and a half too little. The engineers and the others were dissatisfied. They were getting twenty-two and one-half and twenty-five cents an hour, and wanted twenty-five and twenty-eight cents. For once the company misjudged. The men were really more dissatisfied than it thought—so much so that some able labor agitators from Chicago slipped in and got them organized in no time.

The company, with its general dislike for unions, discharged nine men—and instantly found itself with a strike on its hands. For once its marvelous scale had weighed wrong. It decidedly did not want a strike on its hands—to go along with the rebate indictments and so on. But even in this juncture there was no recklessness, no profligacy. It gave just exactly as much as was necessary, and no more. It recognized the union, reinstated seven of the discharged men, agreed to consider the cases of the other two, and to take up the wage question later. It gave way, but in no foolish panic. Whiting is undoubtedly a great success—for the company.

Only a few miles from Whiting, in the direction opposite to Gary, stands another company-made town—Pullman, an emanation of the will of the sleeping-car magnate. It is as different from Whiting as George M. Pullman was different from Standard Oil. For this town was a complete expression of the man who created it. He himself so regarded it and it was the apple of his eye—for a good while.

George M. Pullman was a philanthropist. I ought to put the word in quotation marks, for I use it in the sense that the newspapers, especially in obituary notices, have given it, rather than with the meaning that the dictionary gives. But putting it in quotation marks would make it look derisive, and that would be unfair. Probably Pullman's own faith in his own philanthropy never wavered—even when other people's faith in it went all to pieces.

You know how a sleeping-car looks—or how one used to look until recently, when they have taken to building them to look like a car. "A palace on wheels" was the old idea. Well, Pullman, Illinois, looked just that way. At the city gates you could fairly hear it saying: "Ain't I Elegant?" But, after all, the sleeping-car was very well built—so was the town. The streets were spacious; those in the foreground were parked and ornamented with trees and shrubbery. Even on the back streets, for all the monotony of the dull brick tenements, one saw that the sidewalks were in repair, the houses solid and weather-proof. Mr. Pullman built a first-class hotel, an opera house, an arcade, a church.

A Case of Too Much Pullman

LOOKING after the moral welfare of the population did not daunt him. He considered it his duty and undertook it strictly. He was the town. Through his sleeping-car company he owned it, and governed it by a feudal sort of system which, also, expressed the man. It is related that Mr. Pullman's hotel-keeper, in an emergency, once sent some dozen napkins out of town to be laundered. Whereupon appeared Mr. Pullman's town-agent, in a state of strong indignation, demanding to know hotel-keeper's warrant and authority for sending Pullman linen elsewhere than to Pullman laundry. Then followed a mighty controversy between hotel-keeper and town-agent, which finally issued in formal complaint by town-agent against hotel-keeper and formal protest and defense by hotel-keeper, all duly reduced to writing and submitted to George M. Pullman. That was the system.

The town, at the southern skirts of Chicago, was a famous show-place. Travelers went to see it as much as to the stockyards; admired its grass plots, fine buildings, water works, gas system; above all, admired its air of good order; thought it a kind of industrial paradise. Mr. Pullman himself honestly admired it; sincerely believed, I am sure, that he deserved the gratitude of its inhabitants, whom he employed and for whom he had philanthropically provided so many blessings in the way of shrubbery, architecture, water works and the like.

Then came the great strike of 1894, and sadly changed the fair fame of Pullman—to the honest grief of its founder. The strike was an exceeding simple affair. Times were bad. There wasn't much work for the big plant. By November 1, 1893, Mr. Pullman's car shops had "laid off" some 4500 inhabitants of Mr. Pullman's model town. They could still walk over the good paving, enjoy the grass plots and look at the opera house; but their income ceased.

Mr. Pullman himself realized that this was a serious drawback to life in his town, and very honestly set himself to remedying it in so far as he could without its costing him much. He shut down his Detroit shops, taking the work which might have supported some thousands of Detroit families and giving it to the inhabitants of Pullman—Michigan being outside the sphere of influence of his philanthropy. But more was needed. He saw, as he carefully explained, that, in order to get car-building contracts, low prices must be quoted. Of course, cars cannot be built for low prices except with low wages. According to the company's official statement, car-shop wages at Pullman that winter were reduced an average of nineteen per cent., and the average wage paid to a journeyman mechanic was $2.03 a day.

The men objected to these statistics, pointing out that with the reduction they were put on "piece work," getting so much an hour, and employment was far from steady, so that the actual average income was nearer a dollar a day. Many specific instances were cited covering the 130 days from January 1 to May 10—for example; trimmer, worked 79 days, earned $104.68, paid company $21 rent, owed $54, had wife and children; repairer, worked 88 days, earned $114.40, paid $66 rent, had wife and children. At any rate there is no question whatever that there was much misery in Pullman that winter and spring of 1894. In May, the men formally presented grievances—chiefly that they weren't making enough to live on. They wanted the wages of the year before restored. They complained some that rents they paid the company for tenements in Pullman were higher than rents outside the town.

Mr. Pullman met them himself, with a prepared statement which covered every inch of the ground. He showed from the books that, in order to give them work, the company was taking contracts at no profit whatever; even in some cases at an actual loss. As to rents, he showed, also from the books, that the company's net return upon the capital invested in the houses and improvements was only 3.82 per cent. And he added: "It will be readily understood that there is no room for reduction under these circumstances." If rents were a little higher in Pullman, the accommodations were superior. So, after all, the men were paying for the good sidewalks, stout roofs and model water and gas systems which visitors so much admired.

Mr. Pullman's long statement, right from the books, fairly floored the grievance committee. Only one of them could think of anything to say, and that was utterly illogical. Said he: "Mr. Pullman, we want more pay"

The sleeping-car magnate was a short and chubby man, but full of dignity. He fixed the committee with his round, blue eyes and replied, very deliberately:

"Is there a man here who, knowing that we took the 200 cars we are now working on at a loss of $12 a car, would say that he wants more pay?"

After that clinching shot the spokesman could only scratch his distracted head, and the committee silently departed. Three of its members were "laid off," and the men struck. That is, 2000 of them struck, the other 800 deciding to keep at work. But as the company could do nothing worth mentioning with only 800 men, it turned them out, too, and shut the shops. Times were very dismal indeed in the model town that summer.

Of course, Mr. Pullman's position was unassailable. It was highly absurd to expect the company to lower rents when it was earning only 3.82 per cent. net upon the capital invested in the houses and improvements. On the other hand, Mr. Pullman's inhabitants were earning nothing whatever net. His company was not paying them enough wages to cover their operating expenses. It is a situation unfortunately, all too well known to economics and philanthropy. Capital absolutely must earn something net. It cannot starve. Men can. It would be a very unreasonable workman who would ask the company to raise wages after knowing that it was already losing money on the contracts. The men seem to have felt this. Yet the wages were not enough for them and their families to live on—in which case, why work? You see, it was a dreadfully difficult problem all around.

In the annual report to stockholders, Mr. Pullman showed that the company's actual loss on the contracts that it took in order to keep the shops open was $50,000. The company's total earnings that year were $9,595,067. So the loss that it suffered in its benevolent effort to keep the town going was about one-half of one per cent. The same statement shows that the average reduction of wages was nineteen per cent. That is, as a cold mathematical proposition, in the struggle to keep the town going the burden that fell on the men was thirty-eight times as heavy as the burden that fell on the company—and they were hardly as well able to stand it. For after meeting the loss imposed by its benevolence that year, and paying all expenses and charges, the company still earned, net and clear, $5,200,417, or 14.4 per cent. on its capital. This is why, when relief committees were carrying potatoes and bread to women and children in Pullman tenements, an illogical public pretty generally said that the model town was a fraud.

It was the benevolent, paternal, industrial-paradise idea that brought reproach upon Mr. Pullman. The things that happened in his town were happening more or less in plenty of other places, and people accepted them helplessly as a bad-times visitation of Providence. But the notion had always been held forth that Pullman was built and conducted with a vigilant and fatherly eye to the well-being of the workmen. This notion had been expressed in its paternal government.

July 31, 1894, according to the annual report, between five and six hundred Pullman employees owned homes, partly paid for, and the Pullman bank held savings deposits—in fair part of the clerical and executive staffs—amounting to $356,362. This, then, was the net surplus of the men, and it was somewhat depleted before the strike was over. On the same day the net surplus of the company was $28,112,060—which was not at all depleted, but steadily grew. The contrast was too gross. Just a few per cent. from this net surplus would have so materially assisted inhabitants to make the distracting adjustment between company's rent and company's wages.

The pleasing industrial paradise concept was hopelessly shattered. Pullman is now simply a spot in the City of Chicago. The Company no longer wishes to govern it, paternally or otherwise, nor does the company, I believe, any longer especially encourage tourists to go out and admire the grass plots and the plumbing.

I hardly expect to see a terrestrial paradise at Gary, but I believe it will be an improvement upon Whiting, which does not concern itself with being a success for anybody except the company, and that it will have good grass plots like Pullman without making the mistake of being paternal in everything except bread and butter.

The Weakness of Agamemnon Brown

A Tragic-Comedy of Death Valley

BY JAMES HOPPER

WE WERE surveying in Death Valley—a way for a railroad which was never to be built. It was a country devoid of grace. Shimmering alkali flats spread about us, eating our eyes out; a blistering sun poured down day after day—an eternal drip-drip of molten lead upon our craniums; and, from the distance on all sides, arid mountains, painted and veiled, smiled upon us their hard, inscrutable smiles.

With transit and chain, we toiled like devils in a blue flame from yellow morn to purple eve. We had little energy left for play, and thus it was that, by a gradual process of elimination, our sole recreation came to be Agamemnon Brown's fear of snakes.

Agamemnon Brown was a Virginian. Six feet four in his stocking feet, chest four feet wide and three feet deep, he had a voice like velvet, and brown eyes like a gazelle's. In that ungentle crowd of ours he was thrice handicapped—by his name, his eyes, and his fear of snakes.

The first fault mattered little; had not his fond papa and fonder mamma thoughtfully saved us the trouble, we should have found for him, without doubt, some familiar appellative just as felicitous. The second flaw, also, was of minor importance; for, beneath his gentle languor, a wealth of elastic efficiency could be suspected. But the third weakness was fatal; it gave us a leverage by which we were able to reduce him to humility.

It was "Gid" Whirler who, I think, made the important discovery. "Gid" was a child just out of Princeton, where for four years he had electrified vociferous bleachers by yelling "4-7-6," standing upon his head, or letting himself conscientiously be crunched beneath tons of "beef," on a field barred with white lines—a slender, girlish, golden-headed lad with big, blue, angel eyes. When he sat in a corner thinking, these wonderful eyes widening in purple hues, he looked like a cherub But time and experience had bitterly taught us the deed fruiting from such meditation to be invariably detestable.

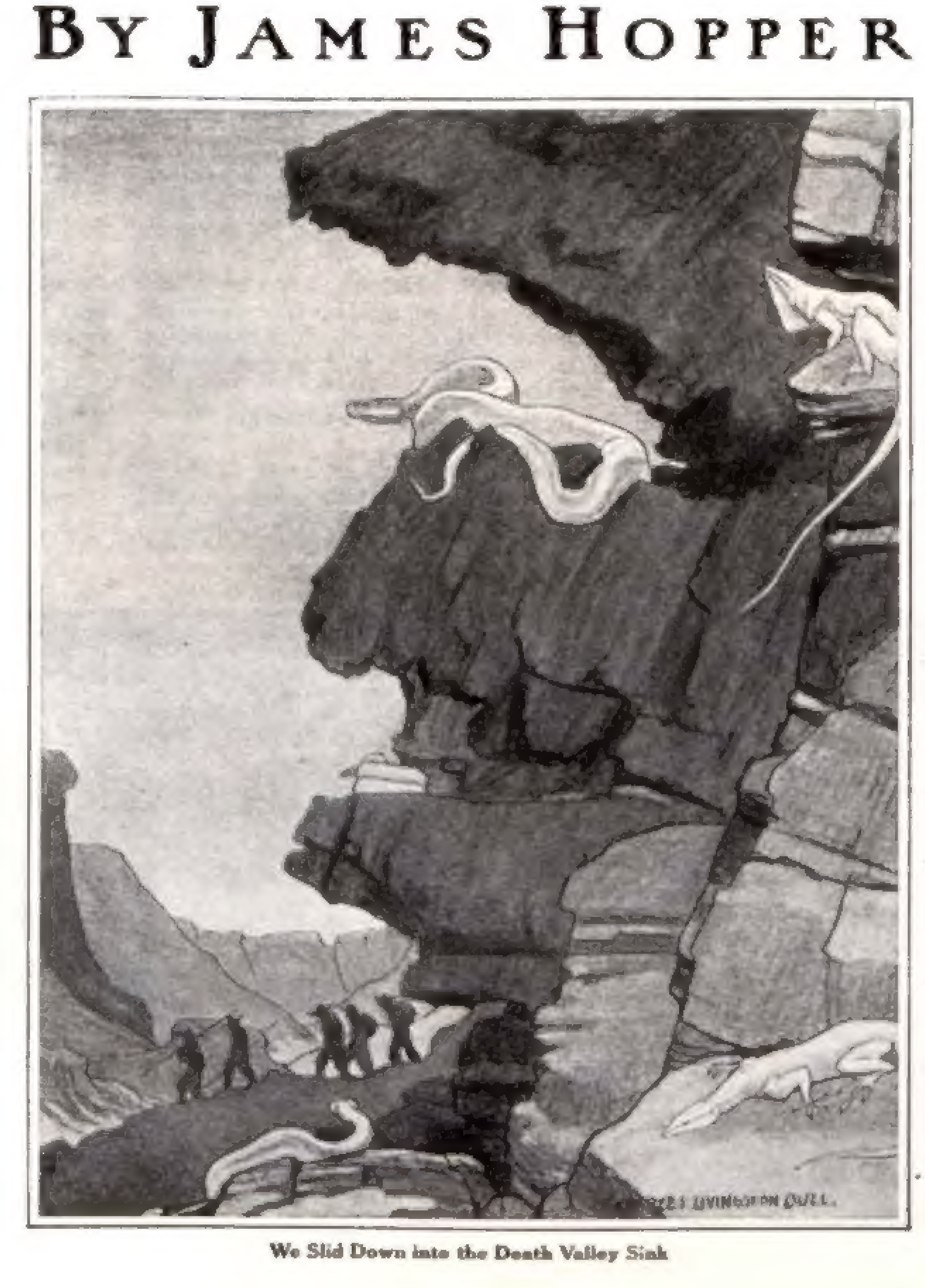
At the time we were still in the Ralston Desert. There was still some apology for vegetation there—sage brush and a little bunch grass. After a while an oddity of Agamemnon Brown became patent to us all. Every now and then, as he walked through the brush with chain or transit, he gave a long, elastic leap to one side, like the shy of a colt, his head, distrustful-nosed, turned toward the spot which he was so buoyantly leaving. Once on terra-firma again he'd look about him in a drooping, shamefaced way—and his brown eyes had a singular expression, the pupils dilated wide, as if he had been staring in the dark. "Gid," in his wandering, innocent way, investigated. He found that Agamemnon's jumps were always immediately preceded by the sharp chirrup of a cricket—a little beastie cheerfully omnipresent in the desert, and with a cry greatly like the choleric warning of a rattlesnake.

That noon, as for a half-hour we stopped to munch hardtack and gurgle warm, whitish water from the canteens to our parched mouths, "Gid" retired within himself in meditation. His back up against a rock, his knees up to his chin, he gazed far out into the blue fancy-world of his imagination. His sombrero was off; the gold of the sun, pouring upon the gold of his hair, rebounded in a halo about his head; his eyes were wide and soft with wistfulness; at times a tender smile flitted upon his lips—and he was angelic.

"Something terrible is going to happen," quoth Hall in my ear.

That afternoon, when we had resumed work, "Gid" tacked off on frequent side-expeditions from which he returned always with an expression of discreet satisfaction. That night we did not have a long tramp to camp, as it had been moved up during the day; so we turned in early, after a desultory attempt at casino that failed in a chorus of yawns.

"Gid" had insisted upon a tent when he had started, and now we four transit-men—Hall, Brown, "Gid" and myself—slept in it: the rest of the outfit lay outside, beneath the stars—much the better way. I had my cot in one corner; Hall's was in the corner to my left, and "Gid" and Brown were side



We Slid Down into the Death Valley Sink

by side in the corner diagonally across from mine. I did not sleep well. Through the torpor of fatigue, vague noises and movements impinged upon my consciousness—sudden floppings, smothered exclamations, creakings of cots, pacings to and fro. Finally I awoke, in the throes, I thought for a moment, of an earthquake. But it was only Brown, leaning over me and tugging at my arm. By the light of the candle held in his left hand, in uncomfortable proximity to my nose, I could see his eyes, dilated strangely, and about his lips little drops of sweat.

"For Heaven's sake, Jack," he whispered tensely, "what's that noise? I can't locate it! It won't let me sleep!"

I listened, and, above the rhythmic breathing of "Gid" and Hall, a multitudinous series of whirring cries came to me—"Cr-r-r, Cr-r-r!"—sometimes a chorus, sometimes a solo, but insisting and rasping and never-ending.

"Crickets!" I said.

"Crickets," repeated Brown, and he exhaled a big, crestfallen sigh. Then, as the chorus rose, in rasping clamor, he grew tense again. "Crickets, Jack? Are you sure? Are you sure? It sounds like ——"

He stopped, afraid to pronounce the word.

"Rattlesnakes," I said, finishing the sentence for him.

But I was puzzled. A lone cricket, outside, at night—that happened sometimes—but this mad, continuous whirr, so close ——

I got up. With his candle, Brown followed me to "Gid's" cot. The innocent was sleeping peacefully, his face in the clothes-bag that served him for pillow, his curls in damp disorder. "Cr-cr-cr," came the abominable creaking, seemingly sharper, nearer.

A sudden suspicion bent me over the sleeping innocent. I placed my hand upon his right arm and followed it up under the pillow, and there, his fingers clutched about it, was a cigar-box.

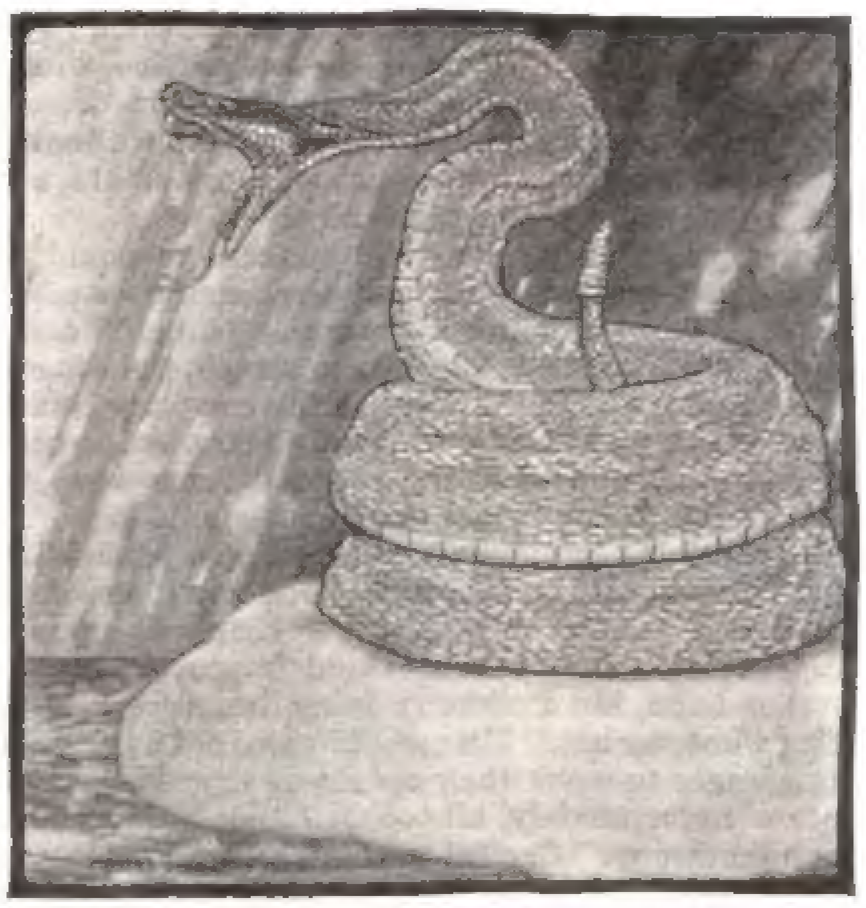
I took it up. It was punctured with little holes. I flopped the cover open, and one by one a dozen crickets sprang out, with monstrous leaps, upon the ground, then out into the night.

"Go to sleep, Brown," I said; "you're all right now."

But he stood a while above the prostrate, sweet-sleeping form of "Gid," and I think that I saw his fists slowly clench and unclench several times before he threw himself upon his cot again.

We slid down into the Death Valley sink. Brown lived in constant anguish. Everywhere we walked, from beneath sage, rock or pebble, loathsome beasties rustled out in crackling flight over the sand. They were all white—a sepulchral, leprous white—the lizards, the crickets, the centipedes, the snakes. The lizards, especially, were bad; they'd pop out from beneath your feet—long, rustling white things that ran in monstrous, uncanny fashion, their long, transparent bodies high above the glistening sand upon perpendicular legs, the tail elevated and curved forward scorpion-like. "Br-br-br!"—it was enough to affect any one, except that angel-fiend "Gid." He'd throw himself at them head first, football fashion, sometimes catching them up against his heart, and then playing with them long minutes—stroking their heads, cramming cracker-crumbs between their horny lips. As for Brown, he fairly shriveled up day by day with the loathsomeness of it. I would wager that he lost ten pounds the first week.

But his misery was not only in the present; it lay also in anticipation. We slowly crossed the valley of doleful tragedies, began to wind up a dry wash into the Panamints, and daily we drew nearer to Rattlesnake Cañon.


A Sound that Convulsed Our Brains with Hate

Every evening, now, "Gid" would call the teamster into the tent. He was a gloomy man, the teamster, his stomach corroded by the baking-powder bread of his lone gold-hunting existence. He had been in Rattlesnake Cañon before. According to him, the place richly deserved its name. It fairly writhed with rattlesnakes. He had a fine collection of the classic snake-stories of the Southwest, which he doled out to us one after the other with austere relish. There was that one of the man who finds himself in a hole with a rattler, in the same blanket with one, surrounded by a viscous ring of them. There in that cañon, too, the Shoshones used to torture their prisoners, tying man and snake face to face and just out of reach. The thongs holding the man were of wetted rawhide, and, as they dried, they slowly drew him up, in imperceptible but inexorable progress—till within reach. Every evening the teamster went through his gruesome repertory, talking slowly, with dark pleasure; giving details, names, dates, descriptions—(they were all friends of his, seemingly, the men to whom were allotted these pleasant adventures)—and every evening we were nearer to Rattlesnake Cañon.

At last we pitched camp at its mouth. Right away we knew we were there, and right away we knew that our mule-driving man-of-gloom was not much of a liar. That first day we ran upon and killed ten rattlers; one of the mules, bitten, was saved only by a radical burning of the wound. Climbing a wall, I poked my head even with a ledge, and ducked just in time to escape the long, determined lunge of a vibrating monster coiled there.

When, that evening, Brown plunged his arm into his clothes-bag to get his pajamas (another singularity of his, this wearing of pajamas in a country where it took five dollars' worth of water to wash them) he flashed it out again with a queer throat-sound that was a very rattle of horror. He stood there a long moment before the dropped bag, shivering from head to foot, totally unmanned. Then with a sudden, mad movement he seized the bag by one corner and, holding it at arm's length, emptied it out. The garments dropped to the ground, and coiled among them was a huge rattler—dead.

Hall, from his cot, broke out in a loud guffaw, but Brown gave him no attention. Instead, he turned toward "Gid," who was squatting in a corner of the tent, his eyes big and innocent. His fingers were twitching with a strangling gesture. His head and shoulders went forward toward the boy. Twice his hands rose to the height of his ears, the fingers working like the legs of a dying spider. Then, finally, he drew them down to his sides, tensely, as with a tremendous effort; he turned on his heel and strode out of the tent.

After a while I stepped out. He was sitting on a rock near by. His shoulders were hunched, his face was in his hands, and at regular intervals a long shudder rippled up his body, from his feet to his hair. I went in again. Hall and "Gid" were laughing.

"You'll get into trouble," I said as I turned in.

Later, I heard Brown return.

That morning we were awakened at early dawn by a most extraordinary tom-tom din. We rushed to the cook-tent. A singular scene met our eyes. The Chinaman, his cue springing upward from the top of his head and then curving downward like the jet of a fountain, was standing in a corner of the tent, beating together two milk-pans with hysterical fervor, while from his mouth, tensely agape, there issued a tenuous cry, a sort of quavering incantation in falsetto key. His little black eyes, bulging from their sockets till the yellow streaks of the eyeballs showed, were fixed toward the kneading-board. We followed the fascinated stare—and there right upon the pile of dough, if you please, which was to be our manna for the day, lay a rattlesnake.

He was a King. About the middle he was as thick as Agamemnon Brown's right arm, and the granite-hued scales stood out distinct from each other, like armor-plates. Body coiled like a spiral spring, his head swung slowly from side to side in a somnambulistic movement almost majestic in its tranquil regularity; the little black forked-lightning of his tongue played in and out of the red, distended mouth, and at intervals, from his tail, erect above the centre of the hollow tower made by the coiled body, there came a whirring sound, between the rubbing together of dry leaves and the shaking of a bean-bag—with something angry added—a sound that convulsed the pits of our stomachs with loathing and our brains with hate.

"Gid" went back to our tent and returned with a blanket and a piece of wrapping-twine. Of the string he made a diminutive lasso; then, giving this to Hall, he threw the blanket over the snake. His right hand went carefully under the folds, his left hand, upon the blanket, changing place in sudden releases and new holds. Suddenly, he had the snake by the neck. Hall slipped the noose over the head; going outside with "Gid," he drove a peg into the ground, tied to it the loose extremity of the cord, "Gid" sharply released his hold—and the snake lay between the two tents, picketed.

The day was a Sunday, and it proved an interesting day of rest. The rattler stayed there, picketed in the open. Now and then some one, forgetting all about it, strutted near, and suddenly rose in the air to the sharp, irascible warning. The Sabbath air was a blue smoke of unsabbatical vituperation. At last even Hall objected, and "Gid" put his pet in a box which he fashioned for it, with a trap-door in the back and a lathed-front, through the interstices of which the gentle beastie poked his triangular nose in rageful strikes, sudden and enthusiastic as the recoil of a modern cannon.

Brown, disgusted, his nerves unstrung, went off to a spot a quarter of a mile away and dozed away the hours in the shadow of a rock.

At last night closed upon the end of this very unsatisfactory day and we turned in, "Gid" insisting upon bringing his caged pet into the tent for the night. He had the laughing, evasive stubbornness which leaves strong men helpless.

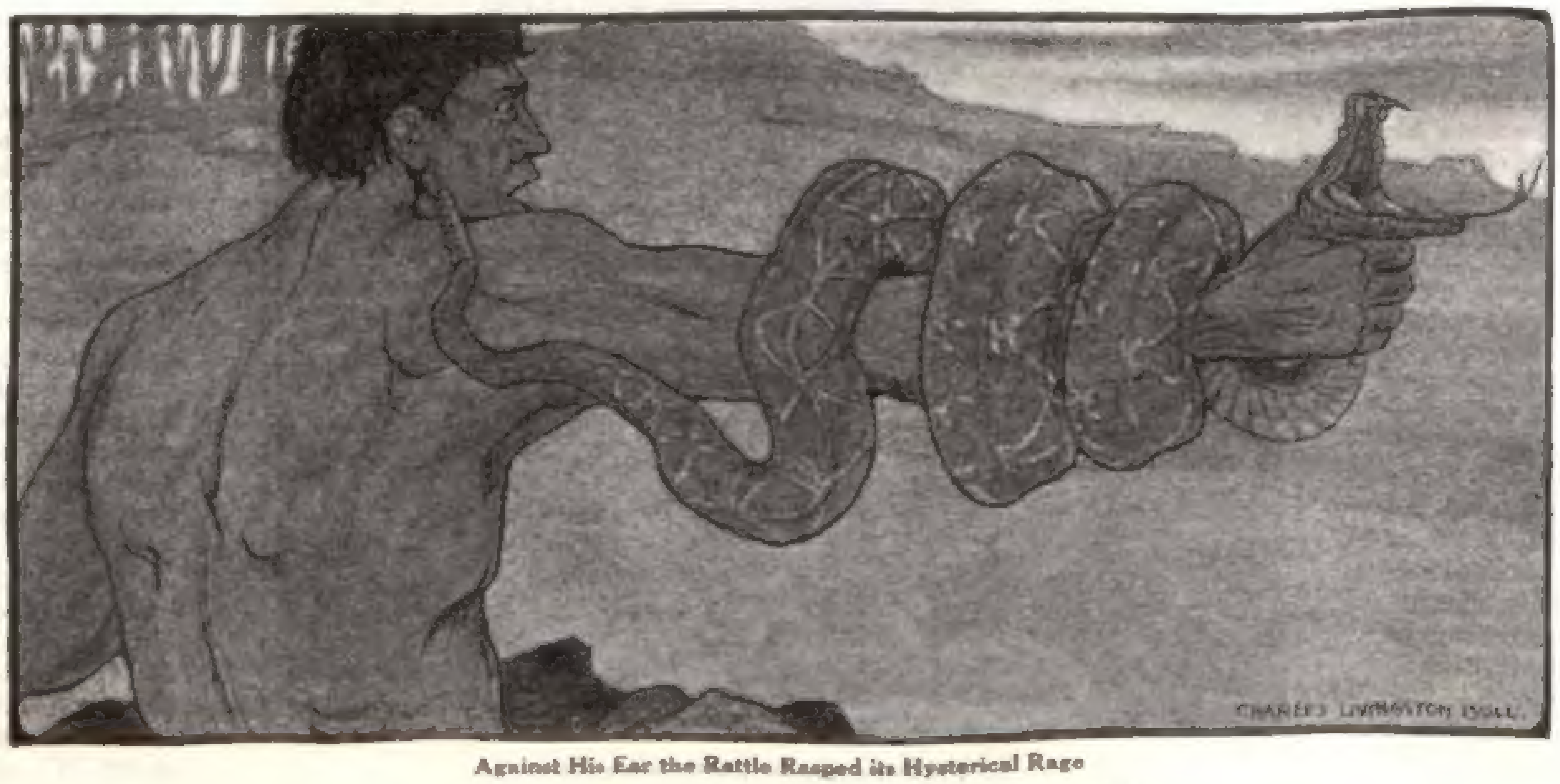
Toward morning I suddenly found myself awake, sitting up on my cot, every nerve tense, a mad tattoo beating at my ribs. Through the torpor of sleep I thought I had heard a short, hoarse cry of fear.

I remained thus more than a minute, I think. The roof of the tent was opalescent with a vague yellowness of coming dawn, but the interior was dark. I remained there, staring at the blackness, trying to persuade myself that I had dreamed, but, as I analyzed the thing that had wakened me, it rang in my brain in so vivid a memory—a cry, a hoarse cry, a croak, rather, of strangling fear—that quietly I reached down to the candle-lantern upon the ground and lit it.

The little light slowly rippled out into the darkness in circular advance. What I first distinguished was Hall to my left. He, too, was sitting up on his cot as I was, his eyes plunging into the dissolving obscurity. Then I saw Brown and "Gid" diagonally across from me, in black statuesque group. Brown was up on an elbow, staring dilated-eyed toward "Gid," close to his left. "Gid" was stretched out upon his cot, but his head, on his pillow, was bent forward, his chin upon his chest, his glance horizontal. He seemed to be brooding profoundly upon some weighty problem.

Then I saw a shadowy thing upon his breast. A ripple of light struck it fair: it was the snake.

It lay there upon his chest, coiled like a spiral spring. The light glistened upon its armor-plate scales. Its head, above the hollow tower of the rolled body, swung lightly from side to side in a smooth, somnambulistic movement, as if


CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.
Against His Ear the Rattle Rasped its Hysterical Rage

afloat upon a liquid surface—a glazed, oily, liquid surface. At intervals, out of the flaming-red mouth the tongue crackled in black-forked lightning, and it hissed gently, right in the face of "Gid," who contemplated it profoundly without the tremor of a lash.

I'll never forget the scene: the wan yellowness overhead; the sputtering, soiled flame of the candle; Hall by my side, sitting straight up, his eyes, glazed, fixed upon "Gid's" chest; Brown, up on one elbow, his eyes, sunken till they were only big black holes, fixed upon "Gid's" chest; "Gid," prone, his head bent forward and a little to the right, his eyes, profound as with some gentle brooding contemplation, fixed upon his chest—and, upon that chest, toward which all these eyes, fascinated, stared, the coiled form with its metallic glitter, the flat, venomous head, slowly swinging from side to side as if upon an oily surface, the diminutive black-red lightning of the tongue—and the soft, triumphant hissing.

After a while I slowly reached beneath my pillow, drew out my revolver, and, laying it across my left arm, began aiming where our eyes were aimed. Brown's lips twitched as if he were going to speak, but his teeth, flashing out from inside, bit upon them in suppression. Then Hall's long arm stretched quietly from cot to cot; his hand clutched at my crooked elbow in silent command to desist. And suddenly I saw. Brown, up on his left elbow, formed a background to the thing on "Gid's" chest. Even were I able to shoot off the abominable head, swinging there like a toy target, it would be Brown's heart that would be the final bull's-eye.

So we remained as we were, frozen in our postures, long. Then the silence, the immobility—in a moment become so poignantly precious to us—were broken, and we were shocked as by a sacrilege. From outside there came to us a sound of singing, in a painfully-high key, and the rasping of a bucket on its handle. The Chinaman was coming to give us our morning supply of water.

The somnambulistic swinging of the thing on "Gid's" chest transformed itself slowly into alert uneasiness. He swung far to the left, and struck; swung far to the right, and struck; came back to the centre, went forward in a swanlike movement till his head was fairly against "Gid's" face, and hissed gently. He snapped back and remained motionless, his head perpendicular upon the horizontal bar of the upper part of his body in the curious posture of a dog baying to the moon. The quavering song, the squeak of swung bucket, neared; the flaps of the tent by my ear opened. Smoothly from each side Hall's right arm, my left arm, reached out like devilfish tentacles, clutched the Mongolian, and crunched him into immobility with one single fishlike squawk of fear.

Silence reigned again, the tyrant silence which we abominated and yet held close to our breasts, like some monstrous torture, and the snake resumed its monotonous swinging. In frozen postures we stared, and our eyes, in their motionless sockets, swung with the head in its oily oscillation. The tent-top whitened, a gray pallor seeped in—upon the ground, the cots, the men, rigid—Hall, his knees up to his chin; the Chinaman, a cower of yellow horror; Brown, up on his elbow, his eyes like abysses; "Gid," absorbed in his profound brooding—upon the hideous swinging thing, with its triumphant hissing.

After a time a singular hallucination took possession of me. In the distance, far but nearing, hurried, precipitate, there sounded a chug-chugging, as of some preposterous automobile, whirring down upon us out of the desert. "Chug-chug-chug-chug; chug-chug-chug-chug," it came. "I'm going mad," I thought. "Chug-chug-chug-chug; chug-chug-chug-chug," went the thing. "Four cylinders," I thought; for I could differentiate them—the first three, precipitate, one upon the other, of equal volume, the fourth coming after a slight pause and with greater explosive force. Suddenly I knew: this automobile chug-chug, it was our own breathing—Hall, Brown, the Chinaman, one after the other, precipitate, of equal volume, then my own breath, after a slight pause.

My mind, somehow, began to float away from the central horror. I noticed a fly upon the ceiling, right above me. One of Hall's toes peeped from beneath his blanket; it twitched, and I almost laughed.

"By jove, what's the matter with Brown's arm?" I asked myself silently. Brown's right arm, lying upon his blanket, parallel to his body, somehow seemed crooked in queer deformation. "By Jove, it looks broken! I wonder if he has broken it. What ——"

I started. Right before me, gradually, Brown's right arm was deforming itself still more, a strange crook at the elbow, the palm of the hand turned inward.

"Looks like inflammatory rheumatism," I thought. But progressively, with a smoothness that made the movement almost imperceptible, Brown's arm was crooking up still more; the hand, limp, slid up slowly upon the blanket—then it took a sudden light leap to Brown's chest and stayed there.

Near me Hall, fascinated, was slowly rising, one foot on the ground, and as he rose the Chinaman, beneath the unconsciously tightening clutch, was sinking shiveringly in a huddle of wide sleeves and baggy trousers. I raised a warning arm. Then Brown's hand, scooped as if to catch a fly, leaped from his chest toward "Gid's." It went across in a white flash; there was the sound of a sharp slap.

A wild, excruciating whoop pierced the silence. Brown, naked, his hair crackling upon his head, burst past us and out like a bombshell. Hall and I, hurled to the ground by the friction of his passage, sat looking at each other.

I sprang up; Hall sprang up; we ran outside.

In the open space between the tents, gray with the pallor of dawn, Brown stood, holding the snake by the neck with white-knuckled fingers. The flat, venomous head swung tensely from side to side in a small impotent arc, the mouth agape, the tongue darting its redly-black lightning; the long body twined in angry contortions about Brown's right arm, clear to the shoulder, and right up against his ear the rattle rasped its hysterical rage.

I got an axe; Brown placed the head upon a rock and, flat of the axe upon flat head, I conscientiously mashed it into a nameless pulp.

We went back to "Gid." He was lying upon his little cot, limp and angelic, like a dead baby. It took us the better part of an hour to bring him back to this wicked world.

"Agamemnon," he sighed with imitative Virginian drawl, when he returned; "Agamemnon, Ah won't josh you no moah; suah Ah won't, Agamemnon Brown."

IN TIME OF NEED

The New Stenographer and the Old Adam

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

MOSSOP J. WALLINGHAM was, next to the cocky old Colonel himself, the big man in the Nassau Street law firm of Beauregard, Wallingham, Smith, Beamer and Beauregard. Besides these five associates there were yet others of immaturer years on their way up from probation. It was a well-to-do firm, and the number of its members had always permitted of a practice entirely pleasant. Every year at least one partner was able to take a four or five months' run to Europe.

That year it had been the turn of Mossop J. And he had made his run with the greater willingness because, the Monday before he sailed, he had stealthily united himself in matrimony with Miss Georgina Livingston, stenographer in the office of a corresponding firm in East Orange. He had known her exactly twenty-two days when he placed himself palpitatingly at her feet—in thirteen pages of crinkly bond. But he had felt that to leave it as long as that was taking chances. Some one else might have seen her first.

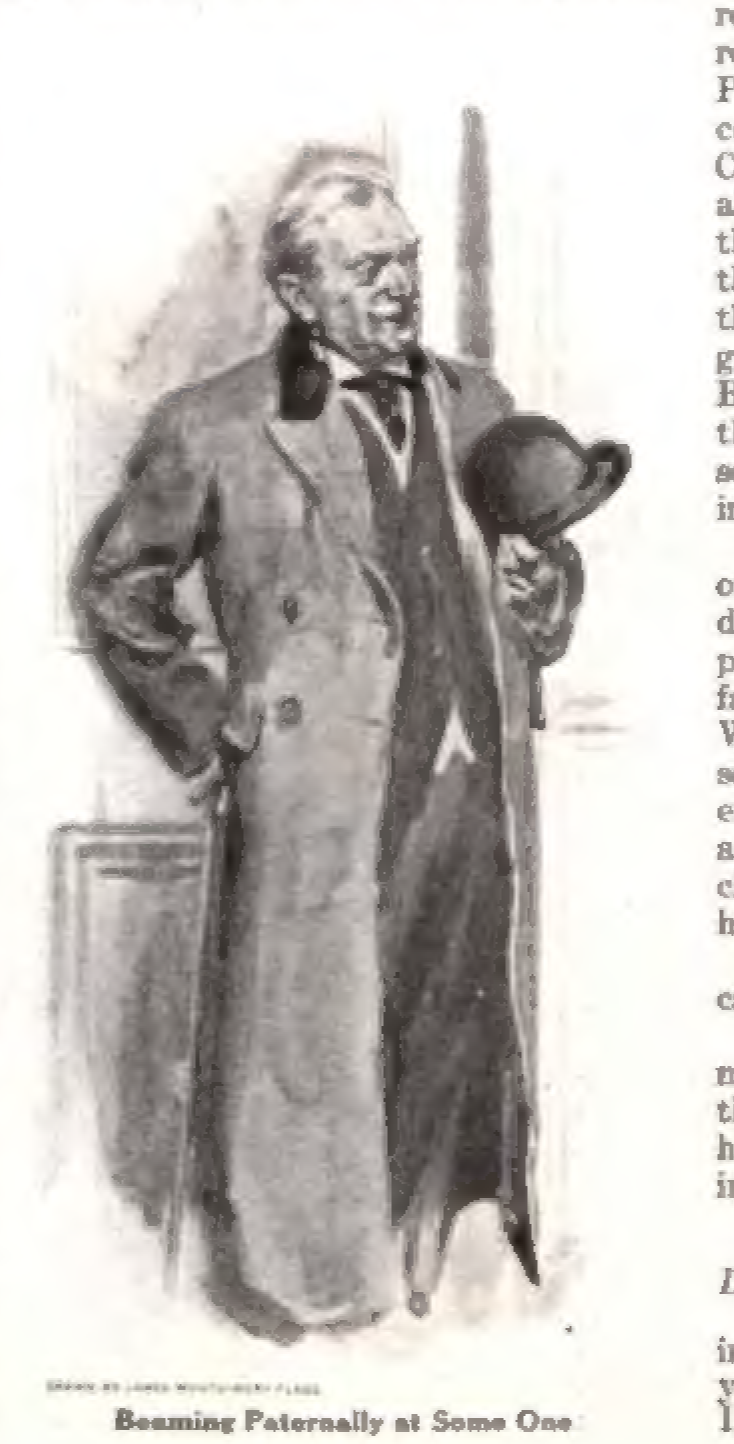
When a man feels thus about the lady of his choice, no one could well accuse him of being even potentially ashamed of her. And, although Mossop J. was the final, and kinless, product of a family which traced its descent so far back that he used an English accent as a matter of course, he was *not* ashamed of her. More easily could a mortal man be ashamed of some young Juno straight from Olympus. Mossop J. had merely realized that there was much that it would be Georgina's duty to forget. And there is no place like Europe for forgetting.

When they returned he felt that it was only proper to assume that she had forgotten. At any rate, what was more essential, he wished her to understand that *he* had forgotten. With this in his subconsciousness, it came quite naturally to him to revert, three days after his renewal of his legal labors, to perhaps his greatest business affliction — the vilely unsatisfactory nature of the copyist and typewriting staff of the firm to which he belonged. He wished gradually to educate Georgina to a sympathetic interest in his work—by this alone could she come to comprehend the position he occupied in his profession. Here was something which she was fitted to understand already.

And it was easily evident that the firm of Beauregard, Wallingham, Smith, Beamer and Beauregard was, in respect of its stenographers, the most abominably served on earth. There were chairs for six, but never more than five could be kept filled at once. They paid, for skilled labor, from twenty to thirty dollars, but there had been girls who had not even had the grace to stay to the end of the week to draw what was coming to them. It seemed to be in the very breed—the New York breed, of course—of stenographers.

Georgina listened, but she did not appear to be quite her usual self those evenings. When Wallingham thought about this it occurred to him that he had neglected to leave any money with her of late. That should be remedied next morning, however. He remembered that to this cause was attributable a week-long quietness in Paris. It was at that time, too, that he had had, firmly and irrevocably, to veto her suggestion of a definite allowance. It would have been the first step toward that same attitude of odious and unfeminine independence of which he saw only too much in the office.

And a very short time afterward he could illustrate to Georgina just how far this was capable of going. The last "legal expert" to be hired had sat at her work exactly one hour. Then she had gone to the managing clerk and tendered him a typewritten list of conditions upon which she would stay the remainder of the day: the office-boys were to be removed from the "stenographers' corridor" to some outer quarters of their own; the telephone was to be placed in a double-walled booth, and the door which allowed the "corridor" to be used as a second passageway to the private office was to be eternally locked and sealed! This, too, at the beginning of the rush season. And two other girls had left along with her!



Beaming Paternally at Some One

Again—at the risk of making Mossop J. seem rather a "fuss," whereas he merely wished to entertain Georgina—two days later he had still another kindred incident to report. It was the wholly unjustifiable resignation of a new "confidential," Miss Pendleton. Miss Pendleton was an uncommonly good-looking girl. And the Colonel—"Old Beau," as he was generally called—had a great eye for these things. He had not been at all offensive, though. He had merely let the girl know that she was pretty in the most jocular, grandfatherly way you could imagine. But Miss Pendleton had given proof of that absence of humor so notable in her sex by covering her machine and starting immediately for her hat and cloak.

Georgina, though also a woman, had once given numerous proofs of a very decided sense of humor. Now she appeared completely to have lost it. In fact, she remained dull for several days. Wallingham could feel that she needed something with which to occupy and exercise her mind. They were still living in a luxuriously furnished seclusion in Montclair. He would be very glad when that house was finished in Pelham Manor.

In the mean time he was suddenly called to Chicago for a week.

He had been away three days when his morning mail contained a letter. From the superscription it came obviously from his bride. Judged by its contents its inspiration came directly from the Pit.

It read:

Dear Mossop:

When you come back you will find me in Miss Pendleton's chair. I write to tell you, so that you may not be surprised I began to-day, and I may stay quite some time. I thought it better to give my maiden name for fear it might be thought odd. As I was able to show them that I am an expert in legal stenography they started me at $25, so shall not *need* an allowance now.

If you let them see that you know me I shall make a scandal. I do not know how yet, but I shall, *some* way. If you are willing to be sensible I shall be able to help you in your work; indeed, dear, it is something I have always wished to do. And no doubt later we shall both look back at it as the funniest kind of joke.

There was now a third person who, that week, appeared to have lost his sense of humor. It was Mossop J. Wallingham.

II

AS HAS been said, he intended to stay a week in Chicago. But he came back four days earlier. He took the Eighteen-hour Train, because there was no train that traveled faster. He did not sleep a great deal. He had many things to reflect about, and he was unwilling to spare the time.

There was one incidental matter which Georgina herself could not have surmised: he had never as yet informed his partners of his *marriage.*

At the time of the ceremony he had thought it advisable, for many reasons, to postpone the announcement. Five months later, upon his return from Europe, he awakened to the fact that it was considerably more difficult to speak about it then. For the last four weeks he had been telling himself that, when he had finished his place in Pelham Manor, he could really make an awfully *chic* fetch-off of it by introducing house and hostess together. It would be something for Georgina to laugh over, too. But now ——

Once in New York he made for the underground. He did not even pause to groom up. He intended to manage the thing swiftly, yet with tact. And the hour was too early, thank Heaven, for any of his associates to be about. He would go to his private office for a few minutes; and then, in the natural course of things, call a stenographer in to him. That stenographer would be Georgina. And, after their interview, she could leave without any needless explanations at noon.

He went to his private office, and, when he had tightened his nerves, and filled his chest sufficiently full for it, he proceeded down the succession of glass doors to the "stenographers' corridor."

Beamer, that model man, was about, at any rate. Apparently he had just been dictating to Georgina—or "Miss Livingston," if you prefer.

Wallingham retired, paced his cage for half an hour, and went out again. Messrs. Beauregard, Junior—"Young Beau" (the Colonel's nephew)—and his crony, Joseph Jones, were now holding the fort; which pair of vivacious youths were chiefly of value to the firm through the number of their gilded co-mates who were constantly getting themselves into trouble. And the two did not seem to be dictating to Georgina. They were merely taking advantage of the "easy hour" to share with her their always optimistic and facetious view of things in general. Georgina appeared to be enjoying it, too—enjoying it immensely. None of the three noticed Mossop J. at all until he made a curious sound in his throat.

He made another sound when Joseph Jones blithely introduced him. "Young Beau" asked him what the deuce had brought him back from Chicago in such a rush. "Miss Livingston," knowing the proper attitude toward senior partners, did not trust herself to say anything whatever; but she smiled. She was still smiling when once more Mossop J. returned to his cage. A short time afterward he heard her laugh.

He was just on the point of making a third attempt *to* obtain a private audience when the Colonel came in. "Old Beau" was considerably more astonished to see him than "Young Beau" had been. Wallingham had to confess that he had returned after merely opening the business he had gone to Chicago to complete. And it was hard to make the Colonel see the policy in this. His efforts to explain left him very warm.

He spent the next hour finding pretexts that would take him from his cage to a point from which he could see that inside corridor. The last three times he was reduced to making a goal of the water-cooler. Hitherto the practice of drinking successive drafts of ice water before luncheon had not been a part of Mossop J.'s personal treatment for a tendency toward dyspepsia. Yet it was cooling, to a certain extent.

And, after his third draft, he was able to forestall Talbot Smith by a scant two seconds, and catch Georgina in a moment of freedom. He walked down the line to her. His last words, "private office," at any rate, were articulate.

She dutifully took up her ruled notebook and pencils and followed him.

The door closed of itself, and gave him his chance to speak, but he could only babble. "I—I—I —— What under Heaven, Georgina —— Will you attempt to tell me—or pretend to tell me—what imp of Satan has possessed you?"

"I told you in my letter. You weren't satisfied with your stenographers. You needed the help, and—I—I needed the money!"

Her last phrase made him gag.

"Do you know," he asked—"have you any first idea of what they will think of you?"

"Why, yes," she answered; "some of them have been kind enough to tell me already. And I must say, if they would only talk that way to the other girls, it would make them more willing to put up with things."

For the second time he lost the use of speech. Then: "Yes," he said at last. "Yes, Georgina! I have observed something of that! The young Beauregard pup, and that other dithering, sniggering Johnny!"

"Oh, those two funny boys! If you're only worrying about them!"

And thereat he thought of the Colonel himself. "Has he—has the chief ——"

"Why, yes, a little. He's a dear old thing. He said ——" she hesitated diffidently. "Oh, a lot of silly stuff. He told me that I was coming to be known as the Belle of the Liberty Building. I hope that wasn't what he said to Miss Pendleton?"

Although, as was made plain in the beginning, Mossop J. inherited all those gentlemanly instincts which make for the quiet and the subdued, he now found himself greatly handicapped by not being able to shout.

And it was as well that he did not shout just then, in any case. For at that moment a client was announced.

"Miss Livingston" smiled meditatively, closed her notebook and departed for her desk.

Noon was almost at hand, however, and he could see her then. . . .

It had always been his habit to breakfast lightly, and go out for an early luncheon. And to say that he had breakfasted lightly that morning is certainly not overstating it. It seemed to him that it was infernally bad management that kept the girls working till after one. And when, finally, the first of them began to move toward the cloakroom, he caught up his hat and coat and got out ahead.

Once in the street he found himself compelled to play that most soul-debasing rôle, that of him who lurks and watches while pretending to go about his business.

Yet though, for minute after minute, the throng of girls and men poured through those broad bronze and marble portals of the "Liberty" in one unbroken, eager current, there still came no Georgina.

For the fifth time he was going through the motions of walking rapidly up crowded Nassau Street when he fairly collided with "Young Beau"—the "pup"—and his *fidus Achates,* "the sniggering Johnny."

"Hah, Mossy," inquired the "pup"; "off for luncheon?"

"Yes," replied Wallingham. "Yes. And I am in a very great hurry."

"Same here!" said Joseph Jones. "Can't stop even to smile."

Mossop J. turned back at the corner, and met them a second time.

There was nothing for it. He had to continue his course around the entire block. As a result he encountered the pair in practically the same place for the third time. He felt himself flame with an anger that no one could say was not entirely justified.

But he would not have spoken to them had not "Young Beau" stared, rounded slowly to a reproachful halt, and given him the "understanding eye."

"Now, look here, Mossy, my lad," he said, "this sort of thing won't do at all! Not for you! Not for you! Your blushes shout your shame aloud from the Battery to Harlem!"

"And not only that," said Joseph Jones; "it's our duty to warn you to beware of Beamer."

"Bah-h! Bah-h! Wha—wha—what do you mean?" He broke away and rushed back into the building again. Pair of young Indians! Let him catch them waiting around there again and he'd handle them with his cane.

With him in the elevator was one of the office-boys carrying a bag of lunch. A minute later he beheld the boy presenting it to Georgina.

And he had barely seated himself in his own room when he heard somebody moving restlessly about in the room next to his. It was Beamer who occupied that room. And apparently as yet *he* had had no lunch at all. For the matter of that—and he now began to be very conscious of it—neither had Mossop J.

III

NOW it is necessary here to say that the law offices of Beauregard, Wallingham, Smith, Beamer and Beauregard were not, habitually, any more given to the flirtatious than are any other busy and moderately well-conducted law offices. Yet there are few offices which have never been brought to the test by a "Miss Georgina Livingston."

More than that, if, without intending it, she had evoked this spirit of general and reprobate gallantry, there was another spirit which she was also introducing, and that with method and deliberation.

Wallingham had propped his door open—it could not be baser to listen than to lurk—and the silence of the other machines speedily enabled him to grasp the situation. Georgina had stayed in to help Miss Schweitzer.

Miss Schweitzer was commonly alluded to as "conveyance." But she might more properly, if a shade more crudely, have been called "the truck." For it had grown to be a kind of rule in the office that all such excess, or extra work, as it would be fatal to ask the other stenographers to undertake could with safety be piled upon her. She was sadly unattractive, she had a bedridden mother at home, and she would have regarded the loss of her position as only less terrible than death itself.

Whether Georgina had already learned all of these things, or merely the essential fact, she was now eating a cake-and-sandwich luncheon, and assisting her to "catch up with the morning." Wallingham could hear her cheerfully robust contralto explaining to Miss Schweitzer that they could *do stunts,* now that the room was less like a telephone-exchange at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street.

And before the afternoon was over Mossop J. had the chance to see that Miss Schweitzer was not the only sister at the machine with whom Georgina was able to make herself popular. When any junior member or senior clerk came forth to dictate, and then began to talk things not intended for dictation, with much simplicity "Miss Livingston" seemed to assume at once that these restful moments of distraction were not meant for her alone, but for all the "corridor." The girls on both sides of her, and even those at the ends, were brought into the conversation in their turn. In fact, most often the visiting man of law soon found himself talking to Miss Prentice, or Miss Reinhardt, or Miss Feraty exclusively—which was manifestly against all discipline, and must not be given the chance to occur again. By four o'clock Miss Livingston had "rolled up" a great deal of work.

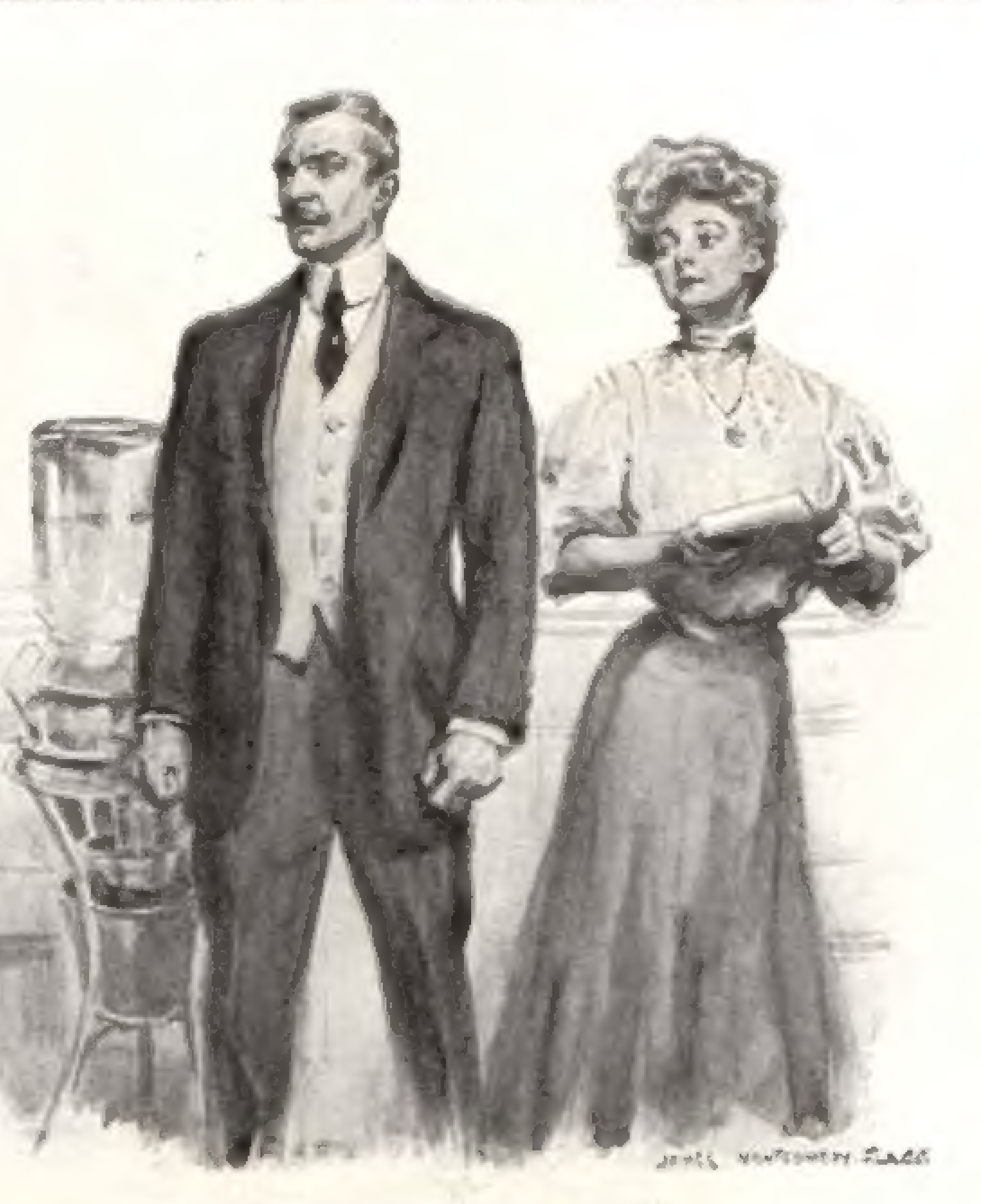
At that hour the Colonel, beaming paternally at some one as he went through, took his departure. Talbot Smith followed him. It was also Mossop J.'s hour for leaving, and, as if his spiritual tortures were not enough, by this time the pangs of hunger had settled horridly upon him. But it was his duty as a husband to wait for Georgina; and he would remain until five, if he died for it.

At five there was a rushing exit of office-boys, then of the clerks and bookkeepers. But the "corridor" seemed to be still hard at it.

About half-past five he heard Georgina's deepest chest note demanding: "All in, girls?" And Miss Schweitzer had to confess that she had her whole correspondence and addressing to do yet—work for another hour.

"All right," said Georgina, "you'll immediately proceed to divide it into six, and share up!"

Then the nerve-racking rattle and buzz and clash of the machines began again.



"I Mayn't be Coming to Work To-morrow"

Wallingham was sitting with his watch in his hand, his face a bilious green, when there came a gentle tap on his door. He opened it with a burst of hope. "Young Beau" stood there.

"Mossy, old sport," he whispered confidentially, "Joseph and I have a bet on about this. He's willing to go the cigars that Beamer will stick it out the longest. Sell out to me—and I'll divvy the box!"

And then the husband realized that Beamer *was* still in his room; and Joseph was even now addressing him. Beamer, though a younger man, had more dignity even than Mossop J. In fact, he was the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and wore a long black coat like a beetle's shard. Wallingham now heard him rise to his feet, and cough heavily.

"I was just on the point of going now," he said.

"Young Beau" and Joseph, cackling ecstatically, tumbled over each other to get into the outer hall and safety via the next "express."

Wallingham, however, still waited. It would be time enough to settle with the two cursed young scoundrels next day.

It was just six-twenty when the last type machine was yawningly eclipsed in the depths of its drop cabinet. The broom and dustpan brigade pushed angrily in as the girls trailed wearily out. Mossop J. followed "Miss Livingston" into the elevator. Then he discovered that he had not the least idea what to say. But she was just then explaining to Miss Schweitzer that "hers was the Chambers Street ferry." He cleared his throat.

"And it would give me great pleasure to be allowed to see you there." he said.

He had to smile, too. But for Wallingham, in that moment, the age of chivalry was not merely dead—it had reached the stage beyond.

Georgina looked startled and confused, and modestly cast down her eyes.

IV

WE CAN advance our story very little by repeating what Wallingham and his bride said on that Chambers Street ferry, or in the ferry-station, or in the train for Montclair that evening. In fact, what they said was only a lengthy and much intensified repetition of what they had said in their first five-minute interview that morning. Mossop J., with a fury which was now wholly limitless, tried to put before the lady how unspeakably far she had gone. The tenor of his language was entirely successful in convincing her that she had not as yet gone far enough.

Yet, next morning, believing that night brings counsel, even to women, Wallingham rather counted upon Georgina's being of a more persuadable wisdom at the breakfast-table. What he did not count upon was the fact that she was not *at* the breakfast-table. As the waiter told him, she had had her coffee and rolls at a quarter after seven. Then he remembered that legal stenographers went to work at nine. To do this, breakfasting at a quarter after seven was no matter of pointless spite: it was a matter of downright necessity.

He reached the office at 9:40 himself. There were signs, however, that others had arrived before him. From Beamer's room came the halting rip of letters opened nervously and listeningly. In "stenographers' row," upon the desk of old Miss Churchill down at the end, there stood six big American Beauties. And though *she* plainly suspected nothing, and was so flutteringly excited that she could hardly work, Mossop J. now had an instinct which told him that those flowers had not been placed originally where they were standing at present. In addition, he noted that, more or less covertly, all six stenographers were eating chocolates.

Yet after a time he was accorded at least a partially satisfying enlightenment. "Young Beau" put his lips in at his door.

"Say, Mossy," he megaphoned muffledly, "we cannot tell a lie. It was Joseph and I that got her the tweeties."

Wallingham had rather an unusual number of clients that morning, but not too many to prevent his keeping his eye upon Beamer. And no one could have watched Beamer for half an hour without observing that he was acting peculiarly. He, too, had begun to go repeatedly to the water-cooler. And always, as he passed the "corridor" to return to his den, he fondly and self-consciously distorted his mouth. Not to speak too lightly of it, Beamer was undoubtedly doing his best to *beam*. Later Mossop J. heard him pacing about in his room. And every little while he began to talk to himself, or knocked something over.

Mossop J. had been that way himself only six months before. He remembered the symptoms only too well. And he felt no resentment toward Beamer. No. He sympathized with him. For Beamer was not one of the vapid, gibbering, monkey-headed sort. He was a man an earnest, serious-minded man. And from Georgina's folly it was easily possible that there might now result a blighted and ruined life. He felt himself sharing the blame, indeed. He could barely wait till his next client took himself away to have the lady called in to him.

With a gravity which was too profound for any wrath, he informed her that her conduct was having consequences which even he himself had not foreseen. It was no matter, now, of a pair of unprincipled, smirking young hounds. It was his duty to tell her that Mr. Beamer—the fourth member of the firm—was giving unmistakable signs of a—a serious attachment. And he went further and put before her the proofs of it.

"Why, how—how sweet of him!" bubbled Georgina. "Then it must have been he who ——" She tapped with maidenly bashfulness upon the top of one of the gray-green "mission" chairs.

Wallingham swallowed four times. Even then he did not get it down. "As—as your natural guardian, I wish to ask you what you intend to do about it?"

"Why, really, I can't tell you. You see, I—I never had any one act in just that way about me before. Perhaps—perhaps if I was nice to him back he'd get over it."

As in his first interview with the lady under the present conditions, it was a very great limitation to Mossop J. not to be able to shout. It would also have helped him exceedingly if he could have broken those three gray-green "mission" chairs over that large gray-green "mission" desk. But he could not even raise his voice. For was not that next room occupied by Beamer himself!

"We shall"—he choked—"We shall be freer to discuss the matter this evening."

And it was to Beamer that the culminating happiness of that day was to owe itself.

It began, though not really alarmingly, at noon. This time Miss Schweitzer had been helped so loyally throughout the morning that she was able to go out for lunch. And Miss Livingston went with her. It was another chance, and Wallingham followed fast behind.

In the main hall he came up with them. But they were just on the point of being joined by some one else . . .

"Mr. Beamer," he said, pushing between them, "I wish to tell you that you are making a mistake."

Mr. Beamer sprang back so galvanically that he keeled about two hundred last-edition Worlds and Journals off their stand behind him. While he was making his apologies to the newspaper man the ladies rapidly departed.

But the author of the astounding outrage was still within his reach. He caught him in the lobby. "What do you mean, Wallingham? What do you mean?"

"I offer you no explanations. But, sir ——" and he goggled and swelled upon him, "you may understand me better later!"

"But I have a right to an explanation! I have every right to one! And I—I shall have one!"

A crowd was rapidly gathering. The fool! The fool! The this—this—and that—fool! And when he had gone so generously out of his way to be his friend! "I simply tell you again that you are making a mistake! And I tell you so for your own good! Is that not enough for you?"

He burst a passage furiously through the throng.

Beamer stood rooted, and the crowd stood rootedly gazing at him till the door-man asked him to move on. He went back upstairs. Wallingham had said that he was speaking to him "*for his own good.*" But, like the blinking most of us in this fog and whirl of things, Beamer could see his own good but darkly. . . . . . *This* he saw, however, even in his bedazement: there were things which must be faced at once, and thought upon till light came out of them. Was it not plain, in the beginning, too, that Wallingham believed him a man to be juggled with, one who could lightly be thrust aside?

About four that afternoon, Mossop J., in the room next door, was also thinking, when there entered to him Miss Reinhardt, Miss Feraty, and after them Georgina herself.

But if she entered last she was the first to speak. Nor did she attempt to hide it that she was the prime mover in the business. They wished to present a petition. They had put it into type. But Georgina desired to expound it by word of mouth. It was that a notice should be posted up saying that no stenographer should be asked to work after five o'clock unless such work was paid for as "overtime," at double rates.

"We might have gone further, too," continued Georgina, and she spoke with a lack of all awe and reverence which made Miss Reinhardt and Miss Feraty clutch each other's hands and quake. "Some girls would have spoken of the office-boys being allowed to bring in their stools and roost all over the corridor. The telephone is just constantly ring, ring, ring, too. And, by rights, the end-door ought to be closed up!"

"Yes," said Wallingham—"Yes. Exactly so! You may stop at five to-day in any case. I shall talk to Colonel Beauregard and the managing clerk in regard to the future."

Miss Reinhardt and Miss Feraty were half-way to their desks when "Miss Livingston" went back again.

"I thought I'd better speak this afternoon," she said, "for I mayn't be coming to work to-morrow. I can't tell yet. I haven't quite made up my mind. My people may not wish me to come."

Automatically he followed her as far as the water-cooler, and, to show that he had himself perfectly in hand, even after *that*, he lifted his mustache in a cat's-whiskery smile.

The Colonel had just come in. He saw. And he fixed him with his protuberant round eye at once.

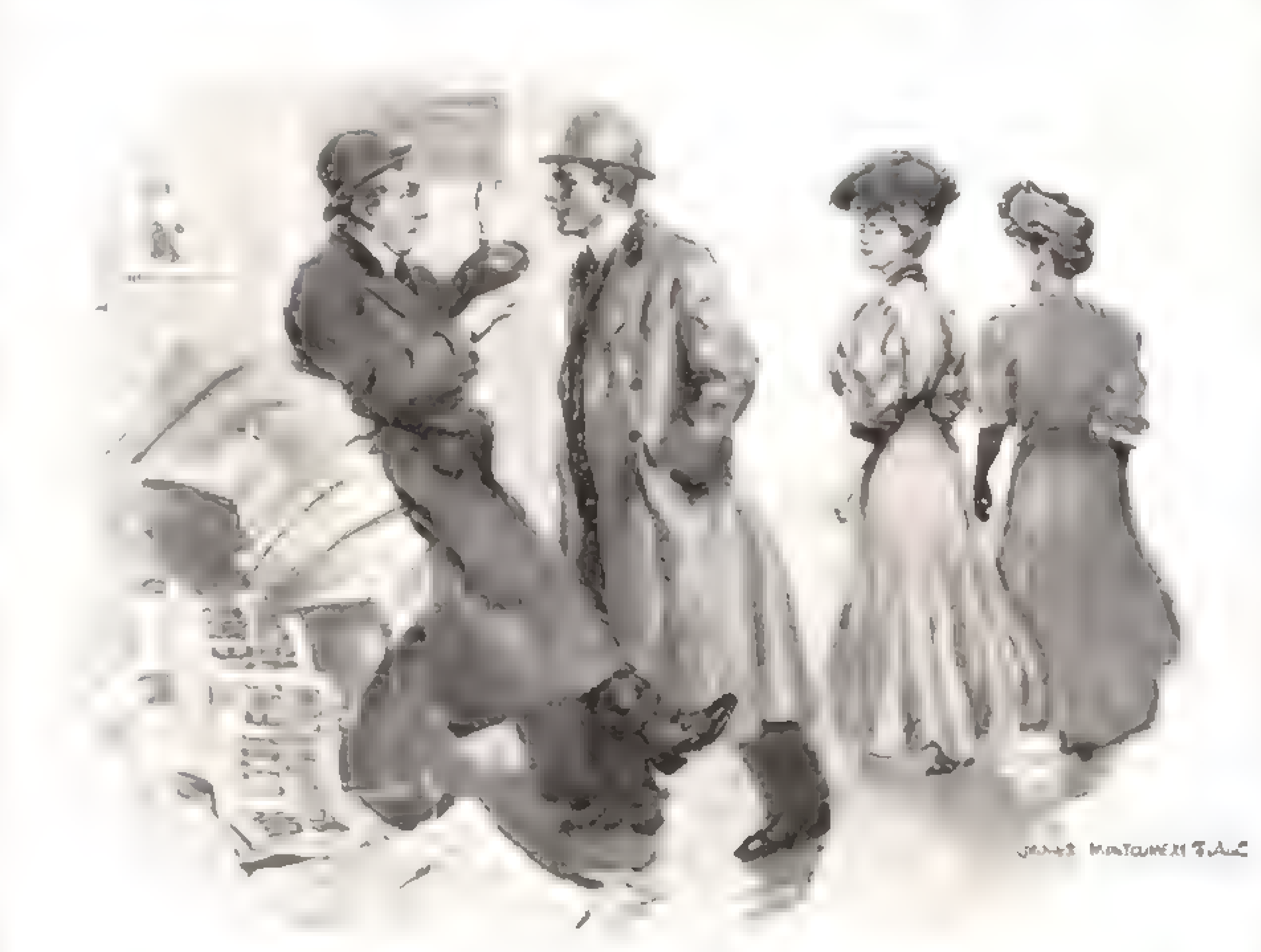
"Oho-o!" he said; "Oho-o! Never tell me, my son, never tell me!"

What Mossop J. wanted to tell him, with iteration, and yellingly, it would give us uncommon pleasure to set down, as far as we are concerned. But there is this to consider: it would melt the types.

The thing that happened next took place at the Chambers Street ferry. Wallingham had again obtained the honor of escorting Miss Georgina thither. And, if he had been escorting her less rapidly, he would have become aware that somebody was trying to catch up with them.

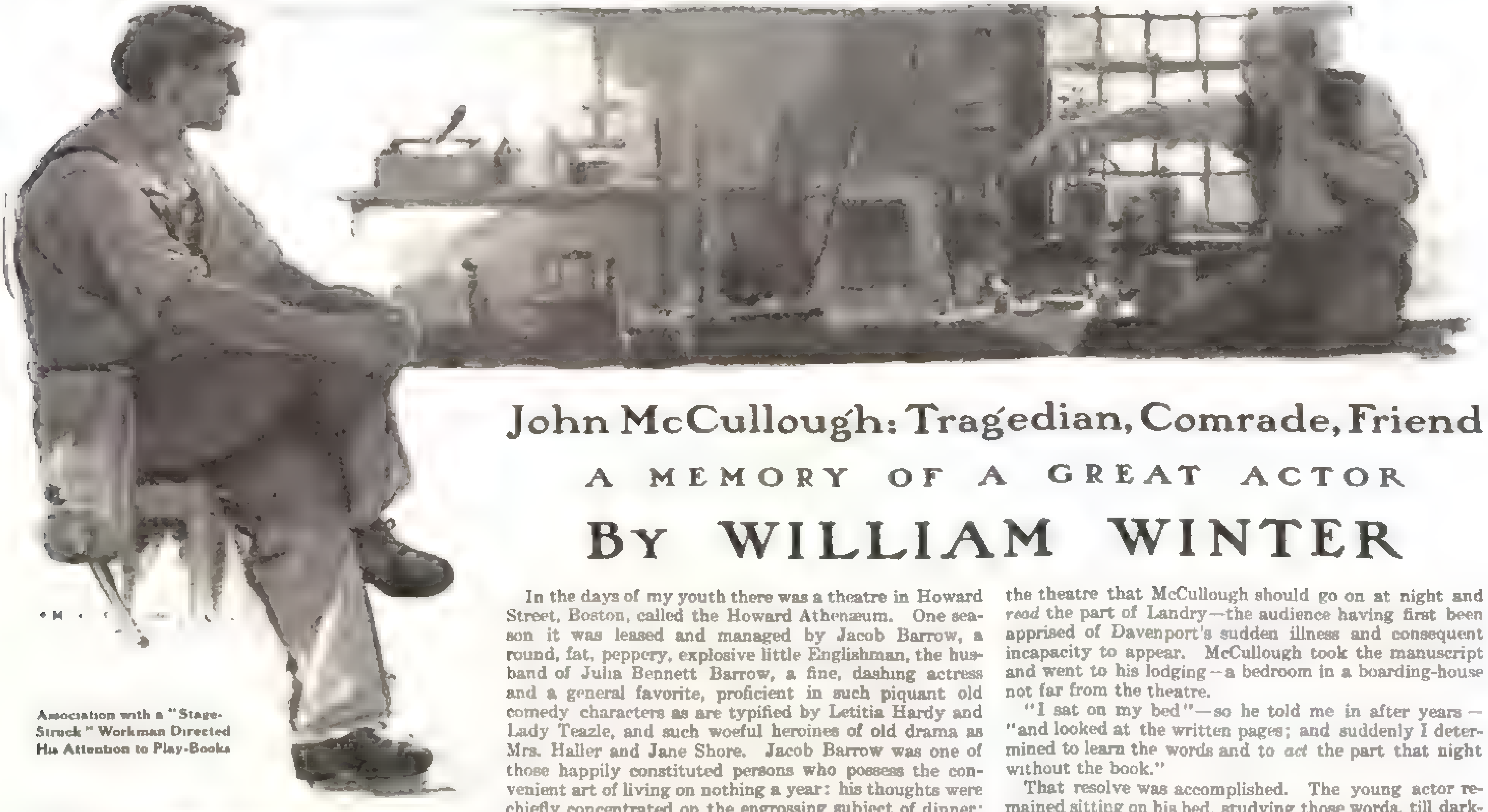
It was Beamer. He had concluded his thinking. And he had thought to fixed and serious purpose. What was worse, there had been aroused in him all his best instincts.

(Continued on Page 31)



Mr Beamer Sprang Back Galvanically

Players: Past and Present



Association with a "Stage-Struck" Workman Directed His Attention to Play-Books

John McCullough: Tragedian, Comrade, Friend

A MEMORY OF A GREAT ACTOR

BY WILLIAM WINTER

IT WAS my privilege to see and study the acting of John McCullough in all the important parts that he played; to observe and record his progress; to advise him (at his request) in the practice of his profession; to win and hold his affectionate friendship; to stand beside him in the misery that darkened round his melancholy closing days; to bear his pall; and to write his elegy. I knew him for many years. I saw him under many and various circumstances. I remember him as a man of essentially noble nature; and, in reviewing his career, I perceive him as a remarkable example of potential character, lofty ambition, gentle patience, integrity of purpose and beneficent achievement. He was a tragic actor of fine natural talents, thoughtfully, carefully and thoroughly cultivated. He was a man of liberal mind, tender heart, sensitive temperament, generous disposition, natural dignity and simple manners. His service to the stage, and therefore to society, consisted in the steadfast maintenance of the highest standard of art. He exemplified, in acting, the attribute of puissance — an attribute of which, in the American theatre, Edwin Forrest had been the leading representative; but he exalted and beautified that attribute by adding to it an intellectual refinement and grace such as Forrest never displayed.

He was on the stage for twenty-seven years. His customary repertory included thirty characters. His artistic success was extraordinary. Poor, unknown, and without social advantages, he rose, by intrinsic merit, to splendid renown. His personal success was the acquisition of that love which is more than fame. No one of our actors was ever more affectionately prized by the members of the dramatic profession. With the humblest as with the highest, to think of John McCullough was to think of the comrade and the friend, and the public thought of him was genial with a kindred feeling. He did not possess an electrical, fiery genius, like that of Edwin Booth. "I will always gladly be second to Edwin," he once said to me, with the fervor of heart-felt admiration. He did not, as Jefferson did, carry the talisman of seriocomic humor. But he possessed elemental dramatic power and rare personal charm. He met the world upon the broad and general field of human sympathy: he shone with a benignant lustre: he suggested Shakespeare's "great sea-mark, standing every flaw:" he was magnanimity incarnate: he was the embodiment of manly tenderness: he was the vital, sympathetic symbol of sincerity, goodness and truth: and as such he conquered.

In the days of my youth there was a theatre in Howard Street, Boston, called the Howard Athenæum. One season it was leased and managed by Jacob Barrow, a round, fat, peppery, explosive little Englishman, the husband of Julia Bennett Barrow, a fine, dashing actress and a general favorite, proficient in such piquant old comedy characters as are typified by Letitia Hardy and Lady Teazle, and such woeful heroines of old drama as Mrs. Haller and Jane Shore. Jacob Barrow was one of those happily constituted persons who possess the convenient art of living on nothing a year: his thoughts were chiefly concentrated on the engrossing subject of dinner: he was a connoisseur of food and drink: but he had wedded an actress of brilliant ability, and he had the sense to know that an accomplished player never appears to such good advantage as when surrounded with professional associates of kindred ability. He liked to see Mrs. Barrow thus surrounded, and he brought to the Howard Athenæum Henry Wallack, George Jordan, John E. Owens, John Brougham, Charlotte Thompson, Mary Carr, and other performers of repute; and he presented in a delightful manner a series of time-honored plays.

In that theatre I first saw Henry Wallack act Squire Broadlands — a delicious interpretation of the Sir Roger de Coverley ideal! — and heard him sing the touching song of "The Fine Old English Gentleman." In that theatre I first saw John Brougham as Dazzle and as Captain Murphy Maguire, with Mrs. Barrow as the bewitching Widow Delmaine — a veritable vision of tantalizing beauty. There I first made acquaintance with the galliard grace of handsome George Jordan, the prince of romantic stage heroes and precursor of all the modern theatrical beaux. There I first enjoyed — and great enjoyment it was! — the rich and rosy humor of John E. Owens, in Paul Pry and The Happiest Day of My Life. And there I first saw John McCullough, nearly fifty years ago.

"Let Me Have Men About Me that are Fat"

E. L. Davenport was the manager of the Howard then — an actor of rare and versatile ability, esteemed, in his day, the most correct performer of Hamlet, and accomplished in such a wide range of parts that he could pass from Brutus to St. Marc; from Sir Giles Overreach to Aranza; and from Damon to Macbeth. McCullough was playing comparatively small parts at the Howard; but he had been studious and faithful in all that he undertook, and therefore he was prepared for his opportunity when it came. Davenport had produced The Dead Heart, one of Charles Selby's numerous plays, and was acting Robert Landry, one of the longest parts in the whole range of the romantic drama. Lawrence Barrett — admirable, but not yet famous — was in the company, and was acting the Abbé. There came a day when Davenport was so ill with rheumatism that he could not leave his bed; and, accordingly, at about eleven o'clock in the morning an order reached the theatre that McCullough should go on at night and *read* the part of Landry — the audience having first been apprised of Davenport's sudden illness and consequent incapacity to appear. McCullough took the manuscript and went to his lodging — a bedroom in a boarding-house not far from the theatre.

"I sat on my bed" — so he told me in after years — "and looked at the written pages; and suddenly I determined to learn the words and to *act* the part that night without the book."

That resolve was accomplished. The young actor remained sitting on his bed, studying those words, till darkness fell upon him, and by that time he had completely absorbed every syllable that Landry has to speak, and every piece of "business." Then he went to the theatre, put on the dress, and awaited the call.

"I had not told anybody," he said to me, "what I intended to do. I walked on, when the cue came, and I played the part, from beginning to end, and was letter-perfect in it. The astonishment of the company was great, and the vexation of Lawrence Barrett was such that he could not conceal it."

As leading man of Davenport's company, Barrett naturally considered that the part of Landry, if it were to be *acted* and not merely *read*, should have been allotted to him; but his feeling of annoyance soon passed away.

The success of McCullough in that emergency (his assiduous and quick study, his feat of memory, and his potential fulfillment of a bold design) was promptly made known in the newspapers, and from that hour his advancement was assured. His physical condition at the time, however, was dangerous. For several successive days and nights he could not sleep; and, as he related to me, with many expressions of gratitude and affectionate remembrance, it was then that the comedian, William Warren — one of the kindest and best of men — took charge of him, and by soothing companionship and a judicious use of restoratives at length composed his nervous system, and enabled him to proceed in his journal course. The Robert Landry feat came to the knowledge of Edwin Forrest, then the leader of our stage, who was so much pleased that he soon sent for McCullough and engaged him; and after that his professional path was clear.

Some young men are able to plan their lives, at least to a certain extent, and to choose a vocation: others find themselves to be wholly the creatures of circumstance, and are drifted into positions that they never dreamed of seeking. No ancestral bias impelled John McCullough to the stage. His choice of it was accidental. His parents

Editor's Note — This is the fifth article in a series of Mr. Winter's reminiscences of Players, Past and Present were poor and their condition was obscure and humble. He was born at a village called Blakes, near to Coleraine, in the North of Ireland, November 14, 1832. Nearly half a century later (1880) he visited that place, and, in telling me of that visit, he dwelt playfully upon its primitive character.

"I was shown," he said, "to a chamber, on the ground-floor of a sort of ecclesiastical ruin, and when I awoke in the morning I saw a cow that had thrust her head through an open, arched window, and appeared to be trying to eat my trousers."

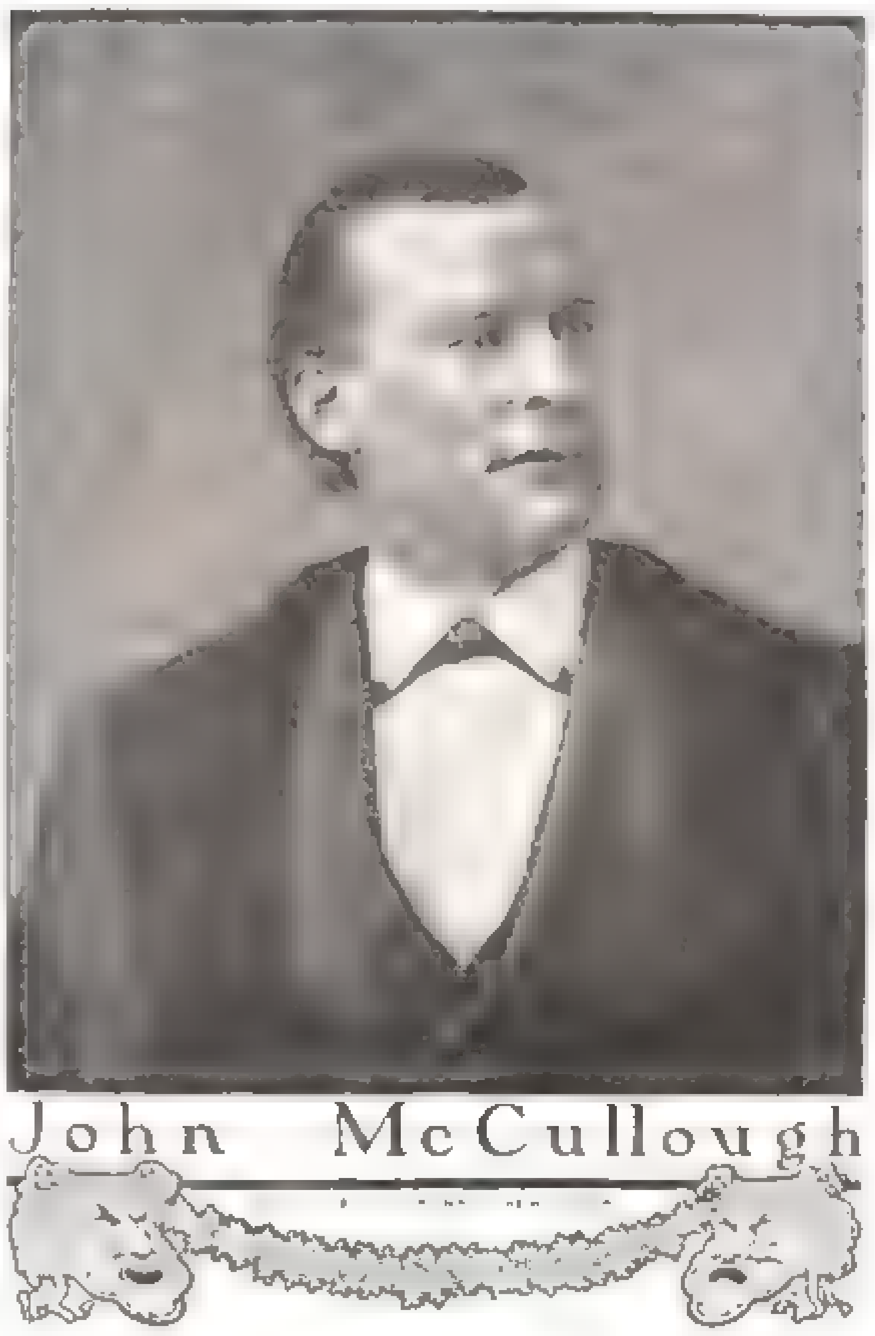
At Blakes, in his boyhood, he passed fifteen years. He was a farmer's boy, and, as such, he worked in the fields. He was taught to read, but in other respects he received no education. When he came to America, in 1847, he could not even write his name, and with literature and art he was completely unacquainted. He went to Philadelphia, because his uncle was living there, and with that relative, whom he discovered by chance, he found employment as a chair-maker. Association with a "stage-struck" workman directed his attention to play-books and made him a reader of Shakespeare. He presently joined a dramatic club and contrived to obtain a little training in elocution.

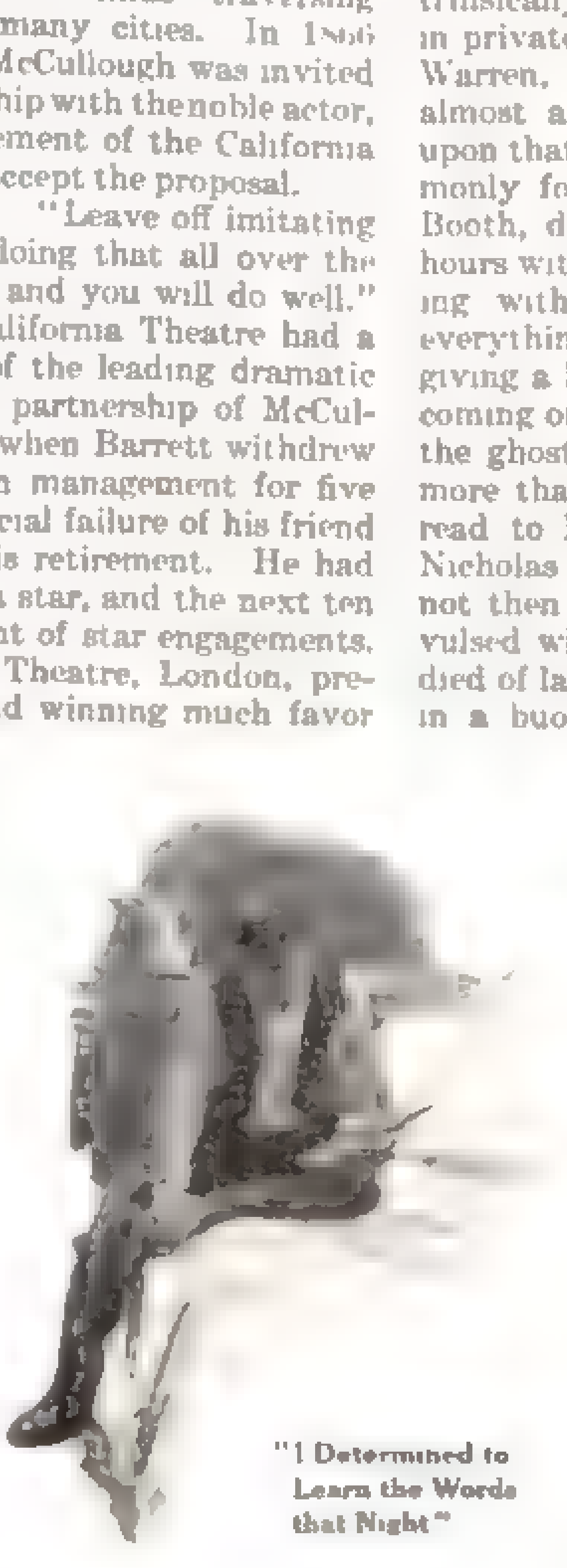
His industry and zeal attracted friendly interest. Books were placed at his disposal, and he read them with avidity. One of his early friends (William F. Johnson, of Philadelphia) has told me that the boy read the whole of Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature in less than one month, and having an exceedingly retentive memory easily carried the substance of it in his mind; and that he was never weary of talking about British authors and their works. The sight of a performance of Shiel's tragedy of The Apostate fired him with emulative desire to act, and in 1857, after an humble novitiate as a super, he obtained an engagement at the Arch Street Theatre—then managed by William Wheatley and the elder John Drew—and he appeared there, as Thomas, in The Belle's Stratagem, thus beginning his theatrical career. There he remained for three years, playing minor parts. The first leading part that he acted was that of Astralagus, King of the Alps, in a play by the once eminent actor, J. B. Buckstone—presented at the Arch Street Theatre, June 28, 1858. His name appears in the play-bill of that night with "J" prefixed—the first time it was so printed. Later came the episode of his engagement at the Howard Athenæum; the Landry incident; and a fortunate alliance with the professional forces of Edwin Forrest—a man whom he admired and loved (though aware of his radical defects, and prone to sport, not unkindly, with his ludicrous foibles), and an actor whom, at first, he imitated, and upon whom his style was based.

McCullough joined Forrest in the autumn of 1861, appearing with him, in Boston, as Pythias; and thereafter, for five years, he continued to act with that muscular chieftain—in such parts as Macduff, Richmond, Iago, Edgar, Laertes, Titus, Icilius and Cominius—traversing the country and performing in many cities. In 1866 they acted in San Francisco, and McCullough was invited to remain there and form a partnership with the noble actor, Lawrence Barrett, for the management of the California Theatre. Forrest advised him to accept the proposal.

"Stay here," said the old actor. "Leave off imitating me. A lot of infernal fools are doing that all over the country. Build yourself up here, and you will do well."

The plan was fulfilled. The California Theatre had a splendid career and became one of the leading dramatic institutions of our country. The partnership of McCullough and Barrett lasted till 1870, when Barrett withdrew from it. McCullough remained in management for five years more, but, in 1875, the financial failure of his friend Ralston, the banker, compelled his retirement. He had already (1874) begun to travel as a star, and the next ten years were passed in the fulfillment of star engagements. In 1881 he acted at Drury Lane Theatre, London, presenting Virginius and Othello, and winning much favor and many friends. In 1883 his health began to decline, but he continued to act until the autumn of the following year, when, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, September 29, 1884, he finally collapsed, and left the stage. His disease was softening of the brain. The closing scenes of his life were inexpressibly mournful. In the summer of 1885 he was placed in a private asylum at Bloomingdale, New York, where he remained for several months. In the autumn of that year he was removed to Philadelphia. His death occurred on November 8, 1885. There was a public funeral on November 12, and the actor's remains were laid in Mount Moriah Cemetery. His grave is marked by a stately monument and a portrait bust, placed there in 1888, at the unveiling of which I delivered an elegy, apostrophizing the beloved and lamented actor and closing with this stanza:


John McCullough


"I Determined to Learn the Words that Night"

While summer days are long and lonely,
  While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
  The stars and clouds their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live shall moan thee,
  All fond regrets forever wake;
For earth is happier having known thee,
  And Heaven is sweeter for thy sake!

The comedian, in private life, is usually a sad person. There are, of course, exceptions, but the rule is positive. One of the most melancholy men I have ever known—in his lonely hours—was the comedian, John T. Raymond, so pleasantly remembered as the humorous, eccentric representative of Colonel Sellers and of Ichabod Crane; yet, in society, he seemed the personification of spontaneous mirth. William E. Burton and John E. Owens, intrinsically the most humorous of all our comedians, were, in private life, serious, thoughtful and often sad. William Warren, irresistibly funny on the stage, was, privately, almost a recluse—dreading death, and often brooding upon that dread. The tragedian, on the contrary, is commonly found to be exceptionally blithe. Even Edwin Booth, despite his Hamlet temperament, was, in social hours with an intimate friend, the soul of mirth—abounding with comic stories and keenly appreciative of everything comical. When George L. Fox acted Hamlet, giving a burlesque of Booth's performance of that part—coming on the scene in a fur coat and snow-shoes to meet the ghost—no auditor could have enjoyed the travesty more than Booth did. Jefferson used to relate that he read to Booth the Crummles episode, in the novel of Nicholas Nickleby—a book with which the tragedian had not then made acquaintance—and that Booth was convulsed with merriment to such a degree that he nearly died of laughter. John McCullough was especially happy in a buoyant temperament and a fine sense of mirth. Narrative of the merry pranks that were played by McCullough, Edwin Adams, William J. Florence, James Collier and others of their brilliant circle—all dead and gone now—would fill many pages.

As a rule McCullough would not "guy" a performance; but occasionally the temptation to playful mischief prevailed with him to break a custom. In 1876, Edwin Booth filled an engagement at the California Theatre, which was the most remunerative, up to that date, ever played on the American stage. Toward its close, on a night when the play was Julius Cæsar, McCullough contrived a ludicrous incident of peculiar felicity. The cast included Edwin Booth, as Brutus; Lawrence Barrett, as Cassius; John McCullough, as Marc Antony; Henry Edwards, as Cæsar; with Charles B. Bishop and William Mestayer in auxiliary parts. In the scene of the return from the Lupercal festival McCullough, who had privately instructed his confederates in the sport, walked away from Edwards, instead of keeping beside him, as the "business" requires, so that when Cæsar, perceiving the "lean and hungry Cassius," exclaimed, "Let me have men about me that are fat!" he was perplexed to find himself standing quite apart from the other players; and, upon that instant, Bishop, a corpulent person, of exceedingly comic aspect, came to his right, while Mestayer, a man of enormous size, appeared on his left—each of those rotund players rubbing his stomach and sweetly smiling at the imperial chief. Edwards, a jovial soul, especially sensitive to fun, and easily "broken up," became convulsed with laughter; the austere Cassius had to turn his back to the house; and Booth, as Brutus, was compelled to cover his face with his mantle.

Of McCullough's sound judgment and correct taste in literature I recall a significant example—significant because it showed how entirely clear and right were his views of life and art. We happened to be staying at the same hotel, the old Tremont House, in Boston. It was late at night, and I was reading in bed. He had attended a social meeting, at Charlestown, at the home of his friend, John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish poet and patriot; and, on returning, he came to my room and sat with me for some time, talking of the persons whom he had met, and of the singular literary opinions expressed by them.

"They have been telling me," he said, "that Walt Whitman is a poet, and they have been reading some of the spavined stuff that he has written. It is a *profanation* to talk of such a writer as a *poet!*" Then, blazing with emotion, he launched into a panegyric of poetry and a description of the poetic province—the ministry of beauty; the interpretation of nature; the alluring revealment of high ideals; the exaltation of the human soul. "A *catalogue* is not a *poem*," he said: "there is no such thing as *poetry* in mere animal life. The name of Poet is the grandest name that can be applied to any human being. Shakespeare was a poet. Shelley was a poet." He rose as he spoke, and he repeated, with amazing fluency and delicious modulation, many passages of Shelley's Epipsychidion. Art could do no more. "*That* is poetry," he said; and all that he thus said is true. The fads have their little day; but, sooner or later, the world comes back to the right standard—to beauty, purity, simplicity, truth.

In McCullough's day there was no thought of devoting the theatre to the exposition of physical disease or to the analysis of morbid emotion and degenerate physical propensities. His breezy laugh would have blown the Ibsen bubble from the stage. He would have set the heel of amused contempt on all such sickly humbugs as Maeterlinck, Suderman and Shaw. His acting was of the heroic strain, and was best in parts that are emblematic of noble manhood and lofty and tender feeling; parts that implicate splendid deeds, fidelity to duty, self-sacrifice for love or honor; parts that move in the realm of the affections. In Hamlet he was little more than laboriously correct; but in Virginius, Payne's Brutus, Damon, King Lear and portions of Othello and Richelieu, he was magnificent. To see him in those great parts was to feel the essential dignity that is in human nature, and to be made happier and better—the result that the stage ought always to accomplish, and always would accomplish if it were not so often perverted from its rightful province.

The wreck of McCullough's life—for he passed away, a complete wreck, when only fifty-three—was due, in so far as I could comprehend it, in part to inheritance of the fervid, imaginative Celtic temperament; in part to hard study, under harassing circumstances; in part to the strain of acting colossal characters; and in part to his genial good-fellowship, evinced in the custom of participating in an endless round of festivities. He was a man of magnificent physical constitution; he possessed great strength; and he seemed to think that his capacity of endurance had no limit. He loved to see people merry; he loved to be merry himself; and he never denied himself to society. In the merrymakings, the banquets, the midnight suppers, the club festivals, and all the myriad distractions of conviviality he took a prominent part; and all the while he was impersonating such exhaustive parts as Virginius, Damon, Lucius Brutus, Macbeth, Othello and King Lear. The strain that he tried to bear—and for a while did bear without showing a trace of fatigue—would have killed a giant. There came a time when he was not unaware of the wisdom of prudence. "Do as I *say*," he once remarked to me, "not as I *do*."

Something of his reckless prodigality of strength, in the conduct of life, must be attributed to excessive amiability combined with politic deference. His genius was not of that wild, weird, enchanting magnetism ("fire and air," as Cleopatra calls it) which dazzles and bewilders—grasping the results of thought by intuition, and creating the results of art by the lightning flash of inspiration. He wrought with heedful care. He made himself sure of his ground, step by step. He was humble in spirit. He thought more of his vocation than of himself. He was genial and affectionate, and he wished to please everybody.

Such natures, almost inevitably, sacrifice themselves to the exacting selfishness of the coteries of social life. Such

(Concluded on Page 28)

THE LONG ARM OF BUSINESS

How the "Ad-Man" Brings New Industries into the World of Commerce, and Keeps the Old Ones There

BY JAS. H. COLLINS

YESTERDAY it was the unusual in advertising that attracted public attention—or the hideous. Ketchum & Cheatum were a firm of attorneys. In corners of newspapers their sign was referred to as an oddity of advertising. Or an American trust built a world-beating sign on Dover cliffs, and all England demanded an act of Parliament.

But this has all been changed. The public may not have observed, yet to-day advertising is, in this country at least, an established business, an industry with fixed methods and recurring human types. So much has been written about the curious, quaint, wonderful and unsightly in advertising that perhaps it is time to say something about it as a calling. A good many men and women coming up in the world might find this industry attractive for themselves. They ought to know what sort of persons and usages they are likely to meet with if they enter it.

"First I create the demand," said the old-time book-agent, "then I supply it." Advertising once did that, and little more. The patent-medicine man was the largest consumer of newspaper space. He sometimes went a full column in days gone by, and people wondered how he made it pay. But he did. He filled that column so full of agate symptoms that few escaped the diseases his stuff was good for. A great many advertisers took small spaces then, too, but were chiefly swindlers. Their mildest offer was a hoax such as the post-office would shut down on to-day, and their blackest the robbing of widows and orphans.

A few useful things were advertised honestly, but the subjects were usually novelties for which it was necessary to create demand. Staples sold themselves in those times, and reputable business houses avoided the advertising columns as they did bad credits. There were fewer publications. The country was smaller. Business centred on neighborhoods. It took years for New York fashions to reach the Mississippi. Railroads were fewer, mail-service less efficient, and a broad national movement in a trade-marked brand of flour, salt or baking-powder almost unknown. Bill-boards were for the circus and theatrical troupe. A merchant might print a small dry card in his local newspaper. But the department stores were yet unborn. To have used advertising then as a distributing force would have been as much ahead of the times as trying to make an X-ray diagnosis with gaslight.

The Voice of the Modern System

BUT to-day advertising really distributes, and its uses are now almost wholly commercial. The swindler is being elbowed out by publishers on one hand and snapped up by postal inspectors on the other. Advertising is the voice of our superb system for carrying things wherever they are wanted. It publishes news of commodities nationally, and the business house can use it either to build national demand, or to find out, by experiment, that the commodity in question isn't wanted on a national scale.

Advertising now deals with the staples and essentials. Instead of hoaxing or swindling once, it introduces commodities that will be purchased over and over again. It has eliminated the time-element in commerce, and puts the New York fashions across the Missouri River before they are adopted in the metropolis itself. It has a genuine influence, and a beneficial one, on diet, dress and hygiene. Once it sold only soap, now it sells bathtubs. Once it recommended a nostrum to cure you when you were sick; now it brings sense into your ration so you keep well. One very striking instance of the way it works is found in the men's clothing industry, where "ready-made," once a byword and a hissing, has now been put on a scale where almost any man can be fitted as well as a tailor could fit him. Comparison of Yankee ready-to-wear clothes with similar products of other countries shows a remarkable superiority. Advertising brought about this change, because it gave a means for distributing the product and manufacturing on a great scale.

The growing public confidence in advertising is now so vital to the solid business interests of this country that the charlatan and swindler are rapidly being eliminated. The patent-medicine man, sending out his column of symptoms for insertion at regular rates, now gets as many rejection-slips from publishers as might an epic poet. Lately there has been serious discussion as to whether he is of any use at all. Only the other day the bill-posters, in convention assembled, ruled him off the boards in his viler phases, and indicated that the circus and melodrama had better reform, too. When the circus and theatre alone used bill-boards, they were measured in running feet. But now the solid business interests, the breakfast-food and condensed milk, the $3.50 shoe and the glove-fitting corset, are crowding on to the boards, and they are measured in running miles. Financial sharks have as much chance of getting into the better magazines as of getting into Heaven. There is a body of publishers, ever increasing, who openly offer to make good to readers any loss they may sustain through a fraudulent advertisement, and upon simple proof that you have actually been cheated they do make good.

In other words, advertising has been commercialized. Once a by-product of newspapers, and not a very savory one, it is to-day an immense business force.

The Price of Attention

THE public school may be reckoned one factor in its productiveness—this is a nation of readers. Some say: "High average wages and a liberal scale of living." But there is another reason that will not be comforting to stand-patters. In hardly any country on the globe can a manufacturer do business over so wide a territory unrestricted by tariff as in the United States, nor can he in any country that has so many railroads, or of so evenly comfortable a population. Trading to the Indies was small potatoes compared to our trade at home. Advertising isn't a curiosity, but part of the fixed charge of distribution, like freight.

Selling through drummers will cost the manufacturer more than selling through the printed word. This was demonstrated in a remarkable way when Mr. Hughes investigated life insurance. A certain enterprising life insurance solicitor in New York succeeded in writing policies through magazine advertising at fifteen dollars apiece, whereas the companies paid solicitors sixty-five dollars for the same service. This man has since organized a company that employs no solicitors, but sells entirely through advertising.

Some years ago another originator, noticing that the largest concern in this country making plumbago products was not pushing stove polish as it should be pushed, began buying plumbago of the "trust" and advertising a new liquid stove polish of his own. He was a small fellow at the start. He bought sparingly, and sometimes got behind in his bills. But he took up territory bit by bit, and advertised his liquid polish systematically, and eventually gave the "trust," with its solid stove polish, a run in that trade.

Greece has only one important crop—currants. When it was found that sales over the whole world did not take all this crop, the Greek Government began to advertise currants in Great Britain, explaining their food value and distributing recipe-books, if only to help people cook currant buns.

Universities, municipalities and States now use the advertising pages to get students, industries and population. The banker has found that he owes it as a duty to his community not only to take its savings, but to encourage thrift through advertising, and warn against speculation. Even religion is now distributed through the printed word. No better idea of the present solidity of advertising can be had than in noting the practical ways in which it is applied to a great variety of purposes.

From Leader to Piccolo

THE public is familiar chiefly with the advertisement writer. His work is naturally most conspicuous and convincing, and there have been circulated many stories about his high salary, his lucky strikes, his genius for inventing quaint advertising characters. But the advertising writer to-day really plays the piccolo, and is a very small factor in the industry as a whole. There is his boss, the advertising agent, and the man who sells his product, the advertising solicitor, and a number of other prominent figures in the industry—the publisher, the special agent, the advertising artist and the "rate man." When a young fellow concludes that advertising is the occupation for him, it still remains to determine which branch he is going to take up. When he actually gets in, perhaps it may be apparent that he has decided wrong, and he will take up one of the others.

Advertising as a business is singularly attractive in more ways than one. In the first place, it is directly connected with publishing, and all the delights of going to press and coming out with a new issue, weekly or monthly. Publishing, in turn, is connected with the world of ideas. An advertising man is thus in touch on one side with the world of modern business, with its vim, and go, and battles royal, and national sweep of operations, and has, on the other hand, a contact with literature and the world of thought which may not be known at all to the young fellow who decided that stove-founding would do for his calling.

A little study of business men shows that they broadly divide into two groups. One is the man of staples, the other the man of novelties.

Now, the advertising man, whatever branch he takes up, has a place in the world of business where he is something of a free-lance, coming into contact with the man of staples and holding his respect, and having the zest of adventure of the man of novelties. The manufacturer of staples is not a talker or writer, but he is finding out lately that he needs a voice. Bricks are being crowded by structural steel and reinforced concrete. Flour is still flour, but you can sell more of it if you advertise a trademark and guarantee the quality. The man of staples needs a voice, and in the advertising man he finds it. The manufacturer of novelties, though often a skillful salesman face to face with his customer, may not have the art of writing advertising, nor the knowledge of periodicals and follow-up methods necessary to introduce his product nationally. So the advertising man is his voice too, and often helps build him from small beginnings into a captain of industry.

The fascination of newspaper reporting lies in a continual shifting of interest, a new novelty, a new environment every day. The advertising agent, advertisement writer, advertising solicitor, are, in a way, reporters in business life. To-day they are soliciting a stove manufacturer to get him interested in advertising, and to-morrow going through his factory to study his product and processes, so that the story of his stoves may be set before the public attractively. Next week they will be up on the coast of Massachusetts studying processes of canning sardines and packing codfish, and the week after that investigating the picturesque facts about a lithia water, and the week after that studying the rudiments of music, so as to talk convincingly about a piano-player.

Every new business investigated has its human sides. There are problems of competition to be entered into, and absorbing details of manufacture and raw materials, and stories of development under adverse circumstances, and a thousand and one attractions that keep the advertising man interested in his work.

There is, to be sure, plenty of routine in advertising. But the typical man of routine—the man "who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool"—isn't exactly the advertising type. The latter, be he agent, solicitor, advertising manager or copy-man, needs an equipment quite different from the man who will settle down contentedly in the routine of an accounting department. He is nearly always a fair hand at writing copy or can furnish suggestions and ideas for writers to work out.

The kind of young man who goes farthest in advertising seems to be a special type created by Nature for the continuance of advertising, publishing and their allied industries. Nature may have set him down way out in Kansas for a beginning, but just as there is a kind of young man who goes West when born in the East, so there is a type that I have classified for my own convenience as the "Come East" young man. No matter how far out in Kansas he may start, there is in him an instinctive affinity for things metropolitan, and, though his first departure may be only for Topeka, eventually he will go on to Kansas City, and from there to Chicago, and finally reach New York—even London, which is now the goal of American advertising men.

When he arrives on Broadway nobody marks him for a farmer, because he has long worn attached cuffs, and his socks are correct. There has been printers' ink on his fingers; typewriter ink, too. He knows a little of reporting, and loves to meddle with type. He can take a "dummy" out and solicit advertisements for it, and he somehow absorbs, through his eyes, his finger-tips, his ears, his skin, a large general knowledge of the whole world of business—superficial information, the routine man would say, but precisely the kind of knowledge he needs for what he wants to do.

This is the advertising man—or rather the raw material of him. He is continually arriving, arriving. He enters magazine publishers' offices as circulation manager or solicitor. He takes charge of the classified department on a daily newspaper, or follows a regular beat to solicit the banks and trust companies, or calls on small merchants who have never advertised, showing them how to begin, helping in their copy, suggesting sales. He enters the advertising agencies as a solicitor, a rate-man, a copy-writer. From these places he works upward according to his ability. His salary is nothing like what business romanticists have led people to believe. But he is paid as much as any one for the amount of work he does, and is in an industry so new that there are still far more responsible positions than men.

Too Many Sotherns

SOTHERN, the actor, who created the famous "Lord Dundreary," was in his private life much addicted to the practical joke, a form of social hazing now happily extinct. Sothern's exploits were often insufferable for the injustice and cruelty to his victims; but his persistent escapades sometimes brought upon him a retaliatory persecution which he bore with good grace.

On one occasion, at the height of his vogue, certain of his competitors became aware that he meant to call upon a literary woman, celebrated in Washington for her strong mind and uncontrollable temper. It is related that Sothern duly presented himself and was met at the door with explosive epithets and abuse.

"Another!" exclaimed the hostess in a fury. "Another!"

"Madam, I am Sothern, the actor, who ——"

But she interrupted him angrily.

"Another!" she shouted frantically—and slammed the door in his face

There was no doubting her sincerity—she was in deadly earnest—and Sothern was bewildered and crestfallen. But something whispered that he was the victim of a plot, whether the inhospitable hostess were a party to it or not. He promptly sought the persons whom he suspected—three of his brother-actors. He found them very grave—mysteriously so.

Said the first sympathetically, after hearing Sothern's complaint:

"I cannot understand it at all. When I called this morning, and represented myself as Sothern, she was most cordial, and listened to my praises of her writing with delight."

A second added in surprise:

"It seems very strange to me, also. I called on the lady with Sothern's card and she mentioned the preceding Sothern, but I praised her writing so much more aptly that she became convinced that you were either twins or an impostor. Her later temper is hard to understand."

And the third innocently remarked:

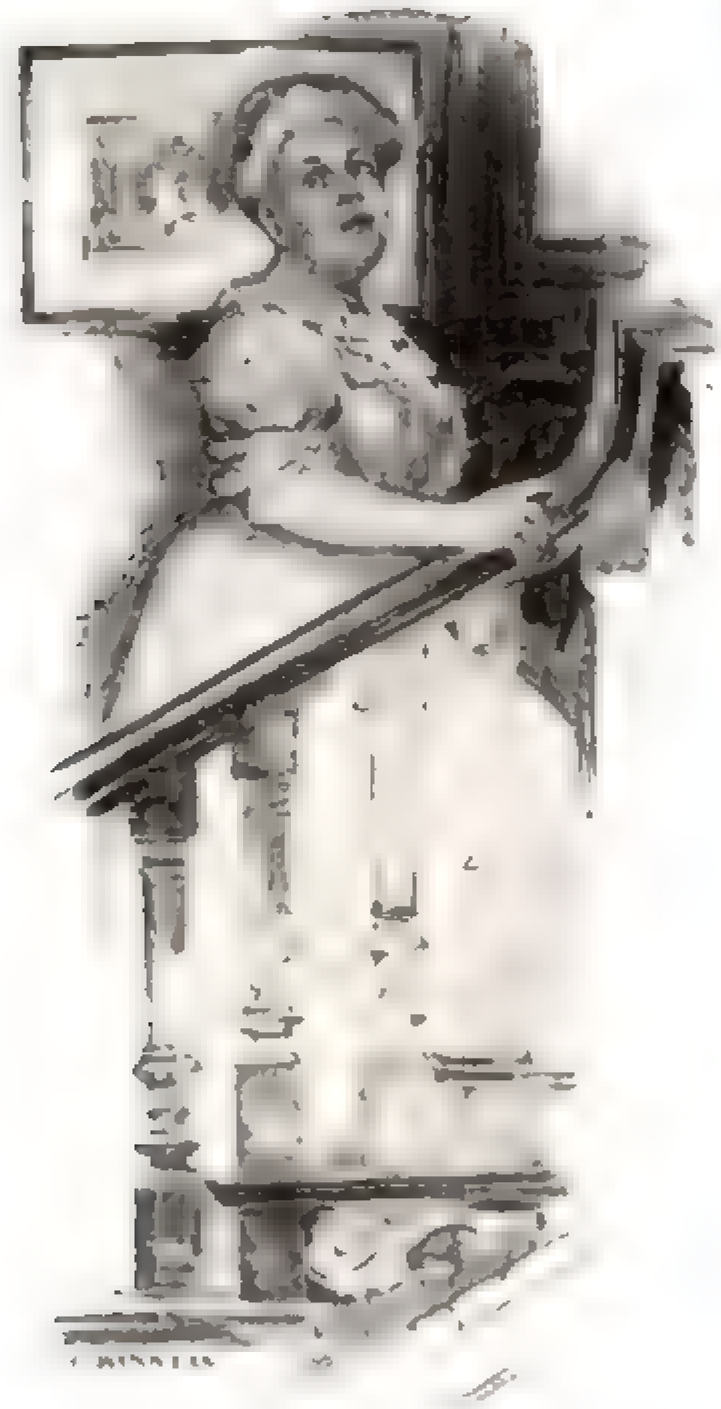
"She was amiable to me when I called and said that I was Sothern. She suggested that the other two were probably impudent constituents of triplets. Did she really slam the door?"

Sothern shook his head gloomily.

"I was the fourth Sothern," he muttered. "She probably suspected that somebody had packed the jury."

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE



But Who Could Help Her Carry Her Cross?

V-(Continued)

MRS. COLLYER was delighted with Sam's gift. She handled the ivories as she had seen that eccentric old Bleecker Fish examine his own choice carvings, plagiarizing, as closely as she remembered, old Fish's learned words. Sam, who knew nothing about ivories, said, "I'm so glad you like them," from time to time, as though that had been his one hope. When the flood moderated he turned to Fanny:

"I was so rushed that I didn't have time to get what I wanted for you ——"

"Excuses!" smiled Fanny. "But, never mind, Sam. You brought yourself back."

"I had your joy in mind all the time; that's why I was so careful of myself."

"And you brought the ivories to mamma," added Fanny gratefully.

"Just what I wished he'd bring me," put in Mrs. Collyer, with the effect of an echo.

"But I thought you and I might play marbles again as we used to do, so I brought back these"—Sam took the pearls from his vest pocket and made a motion to toss them to her.

"Catch, Fanny!" he said; but he laid them on her outstretched hands.

"Sam!" said Fanny with a gasp. "Mamma, look at these! No, no, let me look at them some more! Are they really for me, Sam?"

Mrs. Collyer, being human, arose, walked over and took the pearls from Fanny. Fanny also rose and kept looking at them in her mother's hand. Sam was very glad that she was glad.

"Perfectly beautiful," observed Mrs. Collyer with the cold, discriminating voice of an expert. Her tone warmed as she added: "Just what I had promised to get Fanny when Roanoke went to par." The things she had promised herself to get when Roanoke went to par were all perfectly beautiful. Also, they were very numerous; for her heart beat at least five thousand times an hour. Anticipation kept the wings of her fancy buzzing like an insect's; that overstimulated gambler's fancy of hers—Roanoke, one hundred dollars a share!—which alighted on a million flowers and sipped its drop of honey from each, fresh joy upon joy, one to the heart-throb. Doubt's snowflakes were so tiny that her soul-sunshine quickly melted them into drops of dew and made the flowers even more beautiful. *When Roanoke went to par!* That was why her eyes grew moist with gratitude.

"I'm glad I got ahead of Dad," said Sam, not thinking of Dad and the scooping in of Virginia Central which would make Roanoke sell at par.

"How can I thank you, Sam?" Fanny's look was ten million thanks!

"I don't know," answered Sam, "unless it's by keeping mum about it."

"They must have cost ——" began Mrs. Collyer, coming back from the golden heavens to her house. Sam was almost as her son.

"I stole them!" broke in Sam. He told them the story of the purchase, described the Persian's appearance, genealogy, Moslem aspirations and probable ending, everything, save only the price of the pearls. And he did not say he smuggled them into his native land.

At the table he told them humorously about the outlandish dishes he had tried. They laughed a great deal. He felt happy. He was very healthy.

Mrs. Collyer explained, shortly after luncheon, that she had to go over her real-estate accounts and she left them and went upstairs. Business cares, he opined, with a sympathetic air, were not conducive to longevity. Mrs. Collyer, replying from the stairs, was certain they were not, but who could help her carry her cross? She looked so heavy-laden that Sam promptly and sincerely said it was too bad, so that when he turned to Fanny, after poor Mrs. Collyer finished climbing the stairs, cross and all, Fanny said:

"Take off that expression, Sam, or you'll make me believe you mean it. You know perfectly well she is going to have her usual nap. If your absence has made you feel like a stranger, you might as well begin to be truthful and friendly-like."

Sam laughed.

He looked at her. He ceased to laugh.

She was a very pretty girl; she had been the prettiest girl at the Joneses' dinner. She had improved a great deal, he thought, in his absence. He could not have described her to a stranger and made the stranger see Fanny as pretty as Fanny was. All that he could have said was that her head was gracefully set on a beautiful neck and shoulders; that her eyes were brown and bright and expressive, without "Frenchiness" or stage effects; and her hair, golden-brown and very fine, with a wave to it; and her complexion fair, clear-skinned and delicately rosy; that she was graceful in her walk, in her gestures, in the little sudden movements of her head; nothing statuesque and nothing over-athletic, but absolutely normal and completely pleasing. In short, Fanny herself was very pretty. Also, she was barely twenty and in good health.

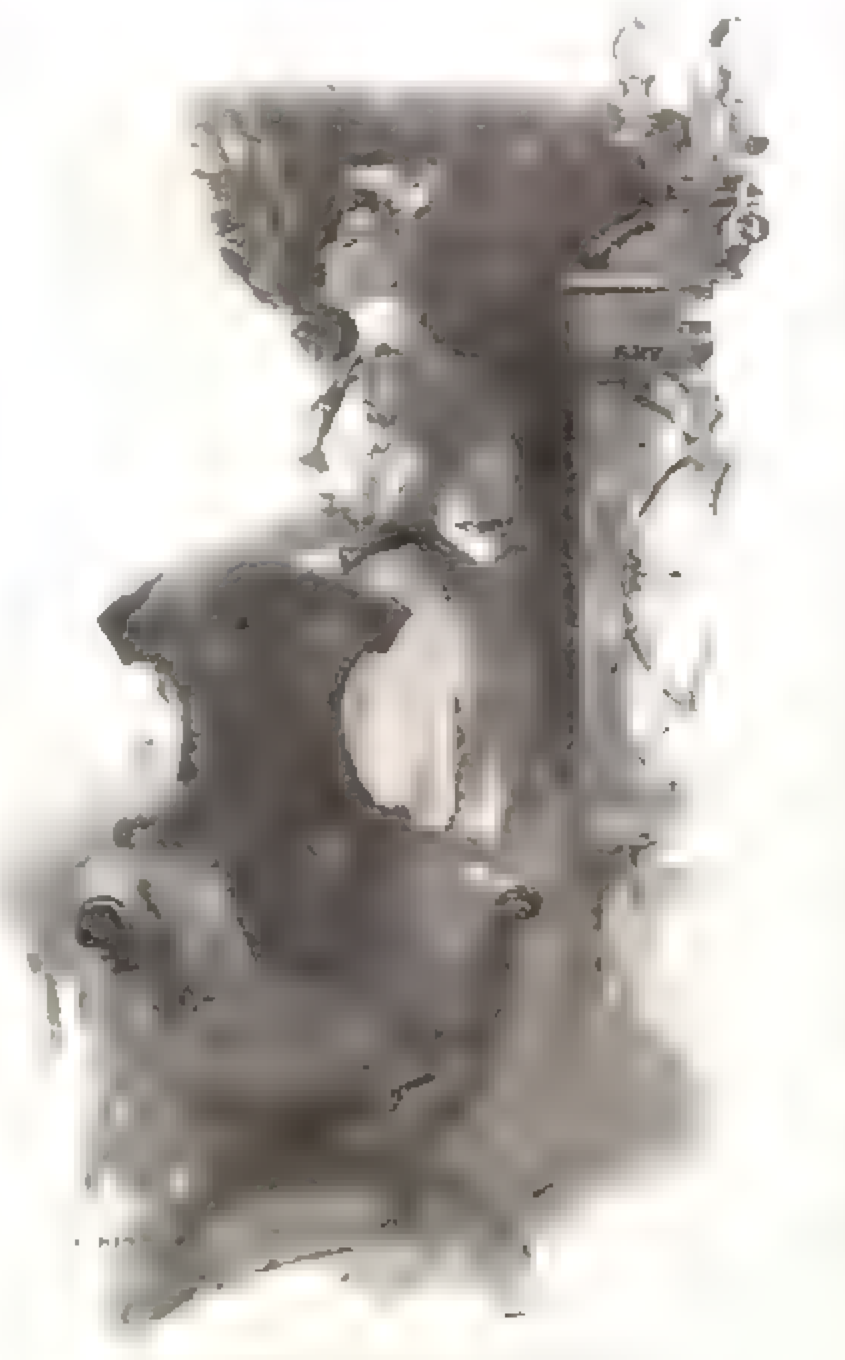
He had always been very fond of her; she really was the one friend to whom he always could speak frankly with the certainty of a sympathetic hearing. When he was ten and she was five they were engaged to be married. It lasted until they forgot all about it, possibly a week. After all these years he remembered it. It made him hope that she would not marry very soon.

He had a great deal to say on the subject of Sampson Rock, Jr. The more he thought about it, the more he found he would have to say to this girl who was and yet was not the girl he had always known.

"Fanny," he said abruptly, "you have changed a great deal."

"For the worse?"

"Inartistic! Cheap!" he told her with a wave of his hand. "You are better looking than you were. I can't say more intelligent, because it isn't fair to judge by the brilliancy of your conversation."



Watched Him Until He Turned the Corner

"Judging by the same, I should say you yourself had not changed beyond recognition." She leaned forward in an attitude of listening intently, as though she would not miss any of his inspired words.

He did not laugh. "No," he, instead, admitted, very humbly; "I'm the same idiot; only more so. But I've been thinking about it and I've come to the conclusion it's about time I was something else." He had begun in jest and ended in earnest. The transition probably was too abrupt for her to grasp. He did not like subtleties or shadings. Patience and finesse were things he had not cultivated.

"Something sensible?" She smiled as a sister might smile; but he saw in her eyes an unvoiced curiosity that told him she had perceived the line of demarcation between his jesting and his seriousness. It made his mood more confidential. He was at the age when a man cannot think of himself in silence before a sympathetic woman. He brushed aside all introductory remarks, seeing no necessity for formality with Fanny

"My father and I had some words yesterday."

"You don't mean ——" She paused, puzzled rather than alarmed.

"No bloodshed," he said. "Just words. He has a big deal on and I didn't like the way he proposed to go about it. I told him so."

"To hear you talk ——" she began, unimpressed.

"It takes too long to explain," he broke in. "All I know is that I don't like his business."

"You never did."

"I never thought much about it, one way or the other. But now I know I don't care. He wants me to go into it, but it's a hard game ——"

"And your health is so delicate ——"

"Don't be Smart Alecky, my child. I meant the game itself. It's a case of loaded dice, right and left."

"I suppose it was your violent dislike of it," she said with a coolness which carried a subtle rebuke, "that drove you around the world."

"No, the reason I went away was to have a nice time. Considering your absence, I did pretty well. But now ——"

"You've decided to do something sensible. How does Uncle Sampson Rock take it?"

Her look showed a deep and approving interest. That and her words and the tone of her voice made him feel that he had not been away from New York, or from her, a day. He answered:

"He called me a jackass. It is *his* word."

"It is not a pleasant word," she said judicially. "You must have done ——"

"It's for what I haven't done that he was angry. I don't know much about his business, so I can't see much difference between a man who tells lies and one who makes the ticker tell them. Can you?" In speaking to her he was in a manner merely thinking aloud. The realization of this is sometimes called falling in love.

"There may be. I don't imagine anybody goes to the ticker to hear the truth."

"Then what's the use of my going down there and being cooped up in an office all day long? Pshaw, it's the lying for money that goes against the grain!"

"Sam," said Fanny with conviction, "I'm sure Uncle Sampson doesn't tell lies."

"No; he doesn't. He just lets the ticker tell them so that a bunch of idiots do exactly as he wants them to. It helps the family bank account. I don't know enough about the game to understand the fine points, so you can't get any help from me. Anyhow, if I did anything, I think I'd go into a mining scheme with a friend of mine—awfully nice chap. But that would take me away from New York." He looked at her and shook his head, as though because of her he had abandoned his trip to the West.

She frowned and said

"In time New York might possibly become resigned to its misfortune."

He laughed. "I shouldn't like New York to run that risk."

"That means a return to your strenuous career of usefulness. Brain-workers don't live long and ——"

"No; they don't. I'm training for old age."

"Be natural and you'll make it, Sam."

There was an undercurrent of seriousness in her voice that made him look at her carefully. This was a new Fanny. The little girl he had always known had gone and with her had departed the Cupid-proof protection of immaturity. She was not even the same Fanny he had been so glad to see in his father's office the day of his return. The old Fanny used to look up to him as a loving younger sister might. But this Fanny had a mind of her own, and could scold in sarcasms and could detect any counterfeit of affectation, so that even if he would he could not pose before her. This difference in her seemed to make his old affection, which was two-thirds habit, stronger, deeper, more grown-up as it were. She was pretty—very.

"Fanny, how many proposals have you had this season?"

"I knew I'd win!" she exclaimed, her face clouding.

"Win what?"

"I made a bet with myself that you could not stick to one subject three consecutive minutes."

He looked at her in mock admiration. "You ought to write a book, Fanny. You talk like one."

"No. But you do. If you'll speak slowly I'll jot it down word for word. *How to do Nothing—By an Expert.*"

"Better do nothing than do people, isn't it?" He was amused

"Is that a subtle epigram or merely slang?"

"No. That's the difference between what I'm doing now and what I'd have to do if I went down to Wall Street. Honestly, Fanny, it's a tough game, I tell you." He said it seriously. She was very pretty. He could see that she was as fond of him as she had ever been. He also could see the color of her cheeks, the light in her eyes, the sudden graceful motions of her head. It made him almost glad that she disapproved of him. That was because she didn't understand him, and didn't realize that he was older, and that he had seen many curious things and curious people in his trip around the world.

"It's ridiculous to talk that way about your father's business. But even if it were all you say it is, it seems to me that, if you wished, you could play it like a gentleman." In her eyes there was a hope that he would understand her phrase to its last subtle significance. Sam was too nice a boy to be allowed to drift along idly, like so many others who had been nice boys and were not nice men. She was too fond of Sam not to be deeply interested in his future—more, indeed, than in her own.

"Fanny, it's nonsense to generalize about such things. But I tell you nobody can play the game down there without using loaded dice. Darrell and I are going to buy a mine and ——"

"That simply requires money. You won't know much more about mines after you are done than you do now. If you're lucky you'll make money. If you're not you'll lose some. But what will it do for Sam Rock? You have better opportunities ——"

"It will give me something to do."

"The fact that you'll work instead of playing polo is what you wish to be congratulated on, isn't it?"

His reply was a smile. There was something amusingly motherly about her talk and she did not know how much in earnest he was. The smile made her frown. She said, a trifle impatiently: "You needn't be a philanthropist, but you need not work simply to avoid being bored by idleness. I should think you'd like to do something difficult, Sam, something useful, something ——"

"Don't you feel well, Fanny?" He looked at her with mock solicitude. "Are you sure there is no unhappy love affair that makes you so—ah—stimulating?"

"I wish I *could* stimulate you into being something more than your father's son." She spoke so earnestly that he could not resist the temptation to answer:

"Oh, Dad isn't so awful, after all."

"No. He works while you talk. He does things ——"

"And people. Don't forget the proletariat."

"I feel like laughing when you talk about his business," she retorted impatiently. "I read a magazine article about him the other day. It called him a reformed stock-gambler and the Von Moltke of the Ticker and a lot of things that weren't nice. But it also said he was a wonderful man. And he is, too. It spoke about his railroads and what he had done to improve them and how he had developed the country. Wouldn't you like to be somebody instead of somebody's son? *I* would."

Her words did not reverberate in the recesses of his soul like a clarion call to duty. That was because he was looking with such pleasure at the flush on her cheeks. Her eyes were bright with her own enthusiasm; her lips were slightly parted. She was so pretty, and looked so earnest that he said:

"You would what—like me to be somebody?"

"Yes."

"I'll do it." From his look it was already done.

"Pshaw!" she said. Her disgust at what she deemed flippancy was so obvious that it forced upon him for the first time a serious mood.

"Listen, Fanny. It's very easy to work yourself into a pitch of excitement about this. But I tell you it's not so easy to decide what to do. Give me a chance to think about it—and ——"

"And talk about it a year or two ——"

"Could I do anything better than to talk to my father about it?"

"No. But you say his business is ——"

"That's the way I think now, but I admit it may come from my ignorance. I know that his point of view and mine are not the same. Am I going to be a success in a business that I don't like? The Wall Street end of it is not for me. My father talks of the good he is going to do by improving a railroad; and deliberately proceeds to get stock as cheap as possible, no matter whose it is ——" He paused, frowning.

"Business is business," she said, vaguely conscious of apologizing for Sampson Rock. Sam might not know all the reasons for his father's actions.

Her phrases aroused him instantly.

"That's what they all say: business is business. Tell the truth to nobody. Get the most you can for the least price. Friends first, then the enemies. Tell them it's for their own good and swallow 'em whole. Let everything slide but the profit. The profit makes you fat; it's good for the health three times a day, before and after meals. Hooray for the profit!"

She looked at him with surprise not unmixed with a subtle thrill. She had not thought him capable of such feeling. He was a different Sam; he looked different; he spoke another man's words in another man's voice. It might not be difficult to spur him on into doing something worth while. She was so pleased with the thought of it that her lifelong habit of affection for him took on a subtle aspect of novelty.

"Sam," she said, a trifle Joan-of-Arc-like, "don't you see your opportunity? To do what your father is doing and do it—ah—in a way that ——" She hesitated.

"An *honest* way, you mean, don't you? I don't know whether I can or not." The frown on his face made him so resemble his father that she felt all Sam needed to accomplish wonders was to be kept in that mood.

"Oh, if you only could, Sammy!" she said, thrilled with the quick vision of the new Sam—a man—her work.

"Would it please you so much, Fanny?" He looked at her curiously.

"Yes, indeed, Sam. Indeed it would."

"If it were a case of money ——" he mused, thinking of the work.

"I'm sick of hearing nothing but money! money! money! all the time, as if there were nothing else in life. Everybody one meets talks stocks and how much money this man made or that man lost. It's disgusting. It makes New York unfit to live in. The men study nothing but how to make money and their wives how to spend it. People grow old so quickly in this country because of that."

"Shake, Fanny!" He extended his hand. She waved it aside impatiently.

"Be serious, Sam."

"I am." He rose. "I'm going."

"So soon?"

"Yes. You make me think too much and I'm not used to it." He took both her hands in his by a sudden impulse. There came to him a faint odor as of violets—a perfume so delicately evanescent that only at times he thought he breathed it. But the touch of her soft, warm flesh thrilled him so that he bit his lips and dropped her hands a trifle quickly.

She smiled with her bright eyes as well as with her lips, and said: "It *is* fatiguing at first, isn't it? It was very good of you to come to-day ——"

"Yes, it was. To show how easy goodness comes to me, I'll drop in to-morrow night. May I?"

"To-morrow night? Let me see." She thought a moment, wondering if she had a previous engagement, and Sam was conscious of a pang. He wished to see her again, very soon. "Yes. I'll be at home, Sam. Do come."

"Look for me, then, unless I drop dead in the mean time. And if you don't mind, I'll bring Dad with me."

"Mamma will talk him black and blue about Roanoke."

"That's why I'll bring him. Good-by, Fanny." He again held out his hand and she shook it firmly. The touch of her hand, warm, living, thrilling, made him unwarily voice a sudden thought.

"I wonder if ——" He checked himself and frowned.

"What do you wonder?"

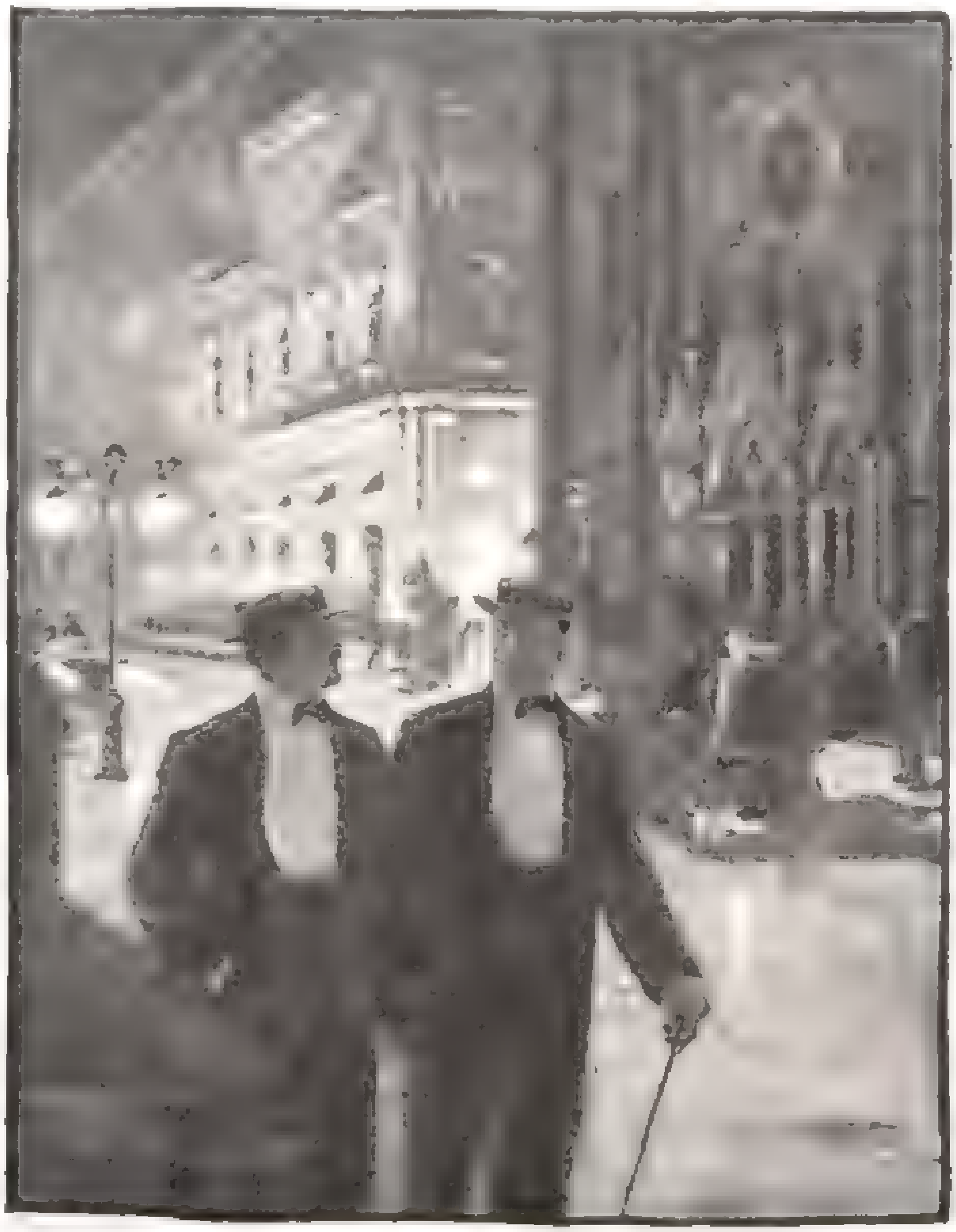
"If I tell you now I won't have anything to talk about to-morrow. It will keep. Good-by."

He had wondered if they never would be more than old friends. It was so asinine a thing to say to Fanny that he looked at her to see if there was a similar query in her eyes. They were very bright and intelligent and kindly. They looked at him inquiringly, as though she expected a question from him.

"Good-by," he repeated hastily, and left her, without a look at her again.

She was the kind of girl he would like to marry, the girl he would marry if he did not love her like a sister. Yet she was not the same girl he had always loved as a sister. He was very glad that he was glad to talk to her. She was no butterfly. She was very pretty, but she had brains. She was as fond of him as he was of her and she was sensible without being a bore. She was quick-witted enough to understand both jests and serious things. She was the nicest girl to talk to that he knew. He could talk to her all day and enjoy it. He was happy in her presence. If he did anything worth while it would please her. He felt a great generosity stir within him; he would like to give her everything she wished. He would do something worth while for his own satisfaction and because that would please her. It would double the pleasure to please her, he thought, as he walked along briskly, his chest inflated, his lungs full of oxygen, his soul overflowing with confidence, and his mind not very deeply concerned with the details of what he would do.

She looked after him from the window, smiling at the swinging of his cane. He was a nice boy, strong, manly, clean-cut, clean-looking, clean-minded; not stupidly unsophisticated, but not unpleasantly wise. He was still in his formative period. He might have inherited more of his father's abilities than anybody gave him credit for. At times she thought there was more to him than she herself had suspected. He lacked incentive. He needed somebody to keep at him. He did not have the spur of poverty, but neither did he have the money-madness. There was no reason why he should not develop into a fine type of man. She would love to see him become the glorious exception in his set, something more than a nice-mannered idler or a bold automobilist—and Sampson Rock, the envy of other rich men with sons. Sam could be all that the other nice boys were and something more—a useful man. She was very fond of him. And if he became the type of man that everybody admired, it would please her very much. It would please, she decided, everybody. She would help him all she could. She watched him until he turned the corner, and the moment he vanished from her sight a smile came to her lips. That was because she saw him in her mind, still swinging his cane, walking springily, his shoulders squared, full of health and wholesomeness. She picked up a novel. She read the opening paragraph three times before the smile disappeared. She frowned. It was a book by an Englishwoman who never smiled in print and yet was one of Fanny's favorite authors.



barely Caught Himself at the Point of Saying "Decent"

VI

AFTER leaving the Collyers' house, Sam, obeying a vague impulse, telephoned to the office and learned that his father would dine with some friends at the club—an engagement he could not break—but he would be glad if Sam called for him at half-after ten. Sam promised cheerfully, conscious of a gradual obliteration of their misunderstanding as to stock-market strategy. He felt more filial and withal less susceptible to sudden impulses. Although Sam still preferred mines to the ticker; he increasingly realized his ignorance of the latter. Methods obviously concerned Sampson Rock less than achievement. That was the defect of a strong man; an admirable defect in the eyes of the business world, probably. Therefore, it behooved Sam to study his father's business. The necessity of this became obvious with the inevitable thought that if anything happened to Sampson Rock, his only son should at least know how to protect himself, how to defend his father's work, and, indeed, it might well be, his father's name. To whom should he turn for advice if not to his father? And could he accept any one's advice blindly?

He was mindful less of the ethics of his father's business at that moment than of the knowledge of it. Intelligence and knowledge went hand in hand. Therefore he decided that he must acquire knowledge. To do this he would ask questions and he would listen to answers. He would not argue, he would not dispute. It is not easy to reason one's self into a judicial mood. Sam tried. As soon as he fancied he had succeeded he went out for his first American ride in his new one-hundred-horse-power machine. The long though unexciting trip quieted his nerves. He dined at the Racquet Club, won seven out of eight games of pool from young Treadwell, and shortly before eleven went to the Union for his father.

Sampson Rock, Major Roberts and George Mellen had spent the evening discussing the market. In one corner of the big room they sat and talked—so quietly and unemotionally that not one of the men who saw them and knew who they were felt any desire to overhear the conversation. That, of course, was as it should be in a club where the members were gentlemen first of all, even if many of them were stock-gamblers afterward. But any one who knew the difference between a stock-ticker and a sewing-machine would have seriously strained his gentlemanliness in order to hear what it was that the "Big Three" so quietly discussed. They had agreed that their several plans would benefit by a declining market. Their decision had not made stocks less valuable; nevertheless, stocks would look it. Times were good; but times would probably be better in a few weeks, when two or three cloudlets should have vanished from the financial sky. Lower prices, by discouraging impudent attempts at booming made by reckless gamblers, would avert the nasty little flurries that, like influenza, always carried the germ of more serious troubles. Theirs was a philanthropic decision. It really would be for the Street's ultimate good. Also, it would permit the profitable repurchase of the stocks which the three head philanthropists had sold some days before. Each of them therefore promised to take care of his own stocks, with a view to the effect of such "care" on the general market and on each man's especial benefit. It was one of those "conspiracies" which the Street at times suspected and the newspapers guessed at; only there were no details, no statistics of profit and loss, no oath-bound pledges. Three logical minds thought as one on the same subject, and, having the same object in view, decided on the same course of action, no other being open. That was all

Major Roberts was very affable to Sam, and George Mellen, whose younger brother was the richest man in the world, shook hands warmly with the youngster. Sam inquired after "Willie" Mellen, whom he had known intimately at college, and it was some time before Sampson Rock rose to go. They did not discuss financial matters in Sam's presence, Major Roberts insisting upon telling the appreciative young listener some new stories he had heard that day.

Rock was about to order a cab when Sam asked him to walk home, adding:

"It will do you good, Dad. I don't believe you take half enough exercise."

It was a filial speech. Sampson Rock smiled and nodded. They walked up the avenue leisurely. Sam's father never disliked silence; it enabled him to talk with Sampson Rock. The Old Man was frowning slightly—a trick of his when he was thinking. The frown subtly checked the son's impulse to take his father's arm. Sam could not but feel that the man beside whom he walked at that moment was less his father than Sampson Rock, the animating soul of the "Rock roads" and arbiter of their stock-market destinies—a man of brain, a man of character, a man of power, known to millions of Americans who knew nothing of the man's son or the man's heart, but a great deal about the man's work. But Sam did not philosophize thrillingly about it. What he thought, in his new-born desire for wisdom, was that, if only there could be drawn out of this captain of finance all the secrets, the experience and the knowledge, the business sagacity and the ticker-strategy that made him what the world said he was, many problems would be solved at one swallow. Instead, Sam must learn little by little. There was no royal road to knowledge. How long would it take his father to learn? How much had he accomplished and how much more did he intend to do? If Sampson Rock kept his health and his strength, what and where would he be in the business world before he ceased to work?

Sam looked curiously at his father's face. It no longer wore a frown, for Rock had decided what orders Dunlap would receive on the morrow. The uninterested look had come on again. Thereupon Sam ceased to think of his father's future and considered his own.

"Dad," he said, "I've been thinking."

Rock looked up and saw that Sam was serious. But he himself was in good humor over the stock-market outlook now that he, Mellen and Roberts had agreed. Roberts and Mellen would see to it that the big banks duly helped, all of which would greatly assist Rock's Virginia Central campaign. But after all, he was an American. He asked:

"Does it hurt, Sam?"

"N-no," answered Sam, with an effect of feeling his brain for bruises, being also an American and a patron of vaudeville. "I haven't been at it long enough to be fatally injured—only since the squelching at the office the other day."

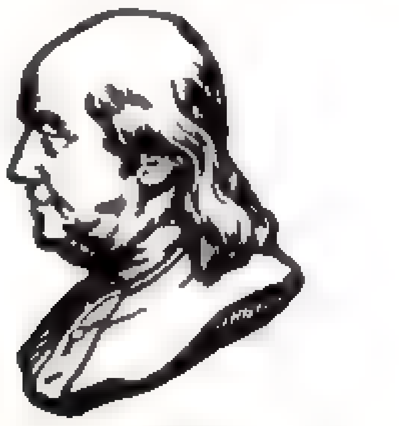
"Oh, well, Sammy," began Sampson Rock, with a tinge of compunction in his voice. It was, indeed, almost a motherly tinge and he was not smiling. Sam interjected quickly:

"Don't apologize. I did not know I was so ignorant; nor that there were so many other idiots in the world. Amiably assuming that you were right, there is still a puzzle: What am I going to do? Have you the answer?"

"What do you wish to do, Sam?" His father's voice was kindly. Recalling Sam's conversation, he now hoped his boy had forgotten all about the Colorado mines and therefore did not mention them. He would not, indeed, have tried very hard to discourage Sam, believing it would

(Continued on Page [illegible])

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3, 1906

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

ℭ Nothing helps philosophy like a steady job.

ℭ The real villain of romance is the man who won't propose.

ℭ The woman who figures in the news usually cuts a sorry figure.

ℭ If the work between meals is all right, the work at meals is all pleasure.

ℭ If fashions did not change, woman would be almost as uninteresting as man.

ℭ Man is the only animal that requires religion to help him to live a common-sense life.

ℭ The trouble with the Cubans is that in the matter of self-government every man wants to be the self.

ℭ In the olden days, the pressing problem was what to make of the boy. Now it is what the boy will make of the family.

ℭ The reform most needed in Presidential messages is not so much in the spelling of the words as in the reduction of the number of words.

ℭ The American—the greatest patriot on earth—rises gloriously to The Star-Spangled Banner—and then remembers he doesn't know the words.

ℭ Are the trusts that are to be smashed in the next Presidential campaign the same old trusts that were to be smashed in the last three campaigns?

Treatment for Swelling of the Purse

THE President's Harrisburg speech recurred to the "unhealthily swollen fortunes" which he would reduce by a national inheritance tax. Report credits him with regarding the estate of Marshall Field as a striking illustration of the need of such a measure. This estate amounts to $150,000,000 or so, the bulk of it to be left in trust at compound interest for a half century.

The first source of Mr. Field's wealth was the great store that he managed with signal ability and honesty. No one who accepts the institution of private property at all could reasonably object to wealth in any amount so derived. The store accounts for about ten per cent. of the huge accumulation.

Some forty millions of it consists of Chicago real estate that enhanced enormously in price, not at all by virtue of anything Mr. Field did, but solely by virtue of what other people—millions of them—did. He contributed practically nothing to creating the immense accretion of wealth that came to him as the owner of certain plots of ground.

Then Mr. Field made millions as the owner of stock of iron mines and mills that were put into the Federal Steel Company, with a liberal inflation of capital, then into the United States Steel Corporation, with a still more liberal inflation. The heavily-watered Steel Trust stock is so valuable because the trust is able to charge much above what would give a reasonable return upon the actual investment. The tariff, of course, materially assists it in this feat.

Mr. Field was also interested in a railroad that scandalously gobbled a fine section of lake-shore. He was a large stockholder in a street railway that gave such cheap service that it was able, in a single year, to pay its owners cash dividends of twenty-four per cent., besides about twenty per cent. in stock and bonds of a rival line.

This is not written for the purpose of criticising Marshall Field, whose fortune, in public opinion, was less tainted than most others of equal size. It is written merely to insist that when fortunes are unhealthily swollen there must be unhealthy causes for it; and that the best plan is to remove the causes.

The Bane of Banking

IN ONE of Mr. Howells' novels, the author points out that there must be something wrong with a civilization which produces, every morning, its story of defalcation among corporate officials from whom we have no guaranty save the average morality of our commercial life. "Every morning" is putting the case rather strongly, but there is something in the general statement, nevertheless.

Once in so often a big bank, with plate-glass windows, marble counters, massy vaults, and a leading citizen for its president, collapses like a house of cards. The phenomenon is really startling. One moment the institution fronts the world like a financial Gibraltar. A man tacks a sign on the door. Next moment there is a pile of wreckage.

This happens here or there, and especially in times of great prosperity, at the height of the greatest, when business is booming, confidence at high tide, profits enormous. The regularity with which the phenomenon occurs indicates a basic weakness. The reason is always the same. The banker has put the money of his institution into some speculative venture. He was trying either to get rich quick himself, or to help somebody else get rich quick. He gambled and lost.

Few people realize the degree in which gambling penetrates the business fabric. They see signs of it on every hand—stock exchanges, boards of trade for grain speculation, rows of brokers' offices, a page of their newspaper daily taken up with what is essentially mere gambling. A peach orchard looks fair and flourishing; but its crop fails; the trees rapidly wither. Then the farmer knows that a little bug has been busy at the roots. He is always anxious about that bug, and beseeches the State Agricultural College to find a way of killing it. We see the work of the gambling bug; yet, on the whole, take it very tranquilly.

The Cheapest of Cheap Lies

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the sage of Emporia, Kansas, has preached a profound little sermon on modern life in the pages of a current magazine. He believes that the instinct for self-preservation, otherwise known as the dollar-lust, is not and never has been the prime motive of humanity, nor ever a uniformly strong spur to effort. The most general and most powerful motive he finds to be the sense of social service—that recognition of the social bond which works wherever men are gathered together.

Most of us are inclined to exaggerate the strength of the first motive because the millionaire element of any community always makes itself most conspicuous. But, outside the relatively small class of professional money-grabbers, there rises the great mass of humanity that labors fairly contentedly for its daily bread and is ready to share that bread with a brother in distress.

Probably there are many other motives besides the money-motive or the service-motive that act powerfully on most men in shaping their lives. For men still work for fame, reputation, honor in the community; for love of those near them and their esteem; for the love of their work itself. This last is an abiding force in the human soul, which acts on the mechanic as well as the artist, and sweetens all toil.

Man is a working animal, after all, and is not long happy without a job. It is a pity that we hear so much about the money-motive and so little about man's pride, respect, and love for the thing he does. Of all cheap lies the cheapest is the belief that any man works for his wage alone, and that, were it not for this money-payment, he would quit his job.

Loosening the Money Market

WHEN the Treasury Department was distributing $26,000,000 among the banks—only $3,000,000 of it to New York, in order to avoid encouraging speculation—Mr. Gates, head of the celebrated brokerage house of that name, and an admirably ingenuous young man, was in Chicago. The financial column of the Evening Post of that city quoted him as follows:

"The domestic money market is well in hand. The break in stocks this week was largely for the purpose of aiding the money market through Treasury relief. It was agreed that if Mr. Shaw would make deposits in the national banks the stock market would not be permitted to respond to it sufficiently to attract attention. Therefore, Mr. Frick sold 100,000 shares of Reading above 150, and Mr. Harriman sold a great quantity of his stocks. This checked the advance as it should, but it did not put obstacles in the way of making the market still broader."

Making the market broader means getting more people to buy stocks. We notice this incident because it so neatly illustrates the futility of Secretary Shaw's earnest efforts to release Treasury money, when there is a pinch, in so peculiar a manner that it will not promote speculation. While his right hand spreads the golden meal, his left vigorously shoos away the hungry fowl of Wall Street—but all in vain. They will get the provender exactly in proportion as they are hungrier than the rest. The money, no matter where deposited, will flow where the highest rates are offered for it as sparks fly upward. If the Government would stop worrying about periodic pinches in the money market, and simply keep its surplus funds, as nearly as might be, in circulation all the time, as others do, the Treasury would be relieved of a lot of trouble and injurious criticism.

Can Good Come Out of the Pit?

THE wheat trade was agitated recently by one of those little problems that are continually bobbing up to disturb it. Somebody or other, it appeared, had bought about twenty-five million bushels of the cereal.

The identity and intentions of this purchaser immediately became questions of pressing moment to gentlemen professionally engaged in working upon the price of the great food staple. Some thought it was a mere plunger who would soon unload, in which case it was obviously the part of prudence to go short. Some thought it was a puissant operator laying the foundation of a corner, in which event one ought to go long. Some even hazarded the guess that it might be a miller who actually wanted the wheat; but this view was generally dismissed as too wildly improbable. Meanwhile, in the great flux of anxious opinions, the price of wheat moved now up and now down.

There is a theory that speculation is a good thing for the farmer, because most people speculate for a rise; that the wheat-grower benefits, because the crop, after harvest, comes upon the market much faster than consumption can absorb it, hence the price would drop if speculators, foreseeing the future consumptive needs, did not buy the wheat. This theory has never been proven, however, and probably is not true. Wheat does come to market, following the harvest, more rapidly than it is consumed. About seventy per cent. of the total marketings for the year are in the six months from July 1 to December 31. Duluth and Minneapolis receive over three and a half times as much wheat in the seventeen weeks following September 1 as in the seventeen weeks following March 1. About the same holds true of the winter-wheat markets as to the weeks immediately following harvest. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the farmer, in fact, gets a better price, because the elevator man, as fast as he takes in the wheat, sells it in the pit at Chicago.

July and August, when receipts are heaviest, are usually low-price months. A great bull speculation that does, once in a while, give the farmer a better price, is commonly followed by a speculative depression that gives him a worse price. Probably the feeling of the farmer, which makes him join movements to shut up the Board of Trade, has quite as good an economic justification as the amiable theory that is so persistently advanced in behalf of the speculators.

Prosperity and Nervous Prostration

WHEN a man is making money fast he spends easily and is happy. When a Nation is making "big money," it, too, feels happy and business hums. The United States is just now a happy man.

How long will this last? There usually comes a time when the crops are not so good; men don't feel so rich, and don't spend their money. Then we have Bad Times, and the wiseacres tell us why—the tariff, the currency system, overspeculation, or what-not. But there is something more to bad times than poor crops or a slackening demand for "goods," or what the wiseacres say: there is the fact of general Depression. When a man has a bad fit of the blues with doubt, discouragement and suspicion, the doctor diagnoses his case for inactive liver, or used-up nerves, and gives him a pill. What is really the matter with him is a nervous reaction from a period of over-stimulation, either work or dissipation. In the same way, the country has its fit of melancholia, and it takes time and money to get cured.

Our next fit will come when we have filled ourselves up with Prosperity and got a national indigestion. The prudent man, having once experienced this disagreeable sensation of reaction, takes pains to avoid excess in the future. He pays some heed to his stomach and nerves, and strives to keep a healthy mind in a sound body. As a people, we do not seem capable of restraint, of temperance. We like to "go it"—and then pay the bill.

But a case of national nervous prostration is both expensive and needless. Let us begin to take the rest-cure early, and avoid depths such as we had in '93 and '96.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Man of War

MEN who make their living writing politics for the great newspapers, and get anywhere in the game, are sad examples of the lapse of the turn-the-other-cheek doctrine. When an enemy smites them, they do not present the opposite sides of their faces for targets. Nay! When an enemy to their cause smites them, they hit him in the eye.

Every political writer hates peace. Trouble is what they want, tons of it, and, if trouble does not come naturally, it is not an unknown practice to make a little, just to keep things moving. A harmonious campaign is a fine affair, theoretically, but it contains no material for Number One Heads on the first page. What is needed is combat. The animals must be constantly stirred up. If any of the leaders get to loafing on their jobs, they must be prodded until they go out in the highways and byways, with loud shouts and exclamations, and assault somebody among the opposition.

Many eminent people bewail the fact that men who write for newspapers write for money. "Paid reporters" is a stock phrase of the politician who has had the truth told about himself by a writer who knew what he was talking about. They hiss it out scathingly. It goes arm-in-arm with that other good old-timer, "hirelings of the press." It is pretty tough, if you take that view of it, to be a paid reporter, but, looking at it from the other side, think how much tougher it would be to be an unpaid reporter.

No man in the newspaper business, if he wears a larger size than a number six hat, takes umbrage at this sort of talk. It goes with the game. Moreover, there is always the cheerful come-back that the persons who scream the loudest are on pay-rolls themselves—and that is why they are screaming. To take this sort of thing seriously would be to prove one's lack of intelligence.

So it would be to take politicians and political leaders seriously. They come in platoons and go in platoons, and the political writer watches them with a good-humored philosophy, writes about them in their little day and forgets them when they have passed. A Secretary of the Treasury, plucked out of oblivion by a kind-hearted and harassed President, once bombastically told a Gridiron Club dinner, in Washington, how superior the officials of this great Government are to the correspondents stationed at the Capital.

"Indeed, yes," commented Frank Richardson, who has been in Washington for forty years, telling the truth about just such statesmen—"Indeed, yes; it must be so. You come and you go, but we are always here. My dear sir, there isn't a man in this room who can name correctly your ten predecessors in office, and five years from now everybody but your family will have forgotten you ever were on earth."

That is the way the real newspaper man looks at them, writing about them with more charity than they deserve, and amiably forgetting them when they have strutted through their little strut. They are the properties, the manikins. They are useful to have fun with, but to take them seriously is to put one's self on the same plane with them, which Heaven forbid.

For thirty years Eddie Riggs has been looking at this procession and commenting on it for the New York Sun. He comes pretty nearly being the dean of the crowd now, so far as service goes, the dean of the men who write politics for the newspapers, who are always, from the very nature of the affairs they mix in, the best men on the papers—that is, if they are real political writers and not imitations. As the dean, it may be too familiar to call Riggs "Eddie." Edward G. Riggs is his name, but to show the proper and reverential spirit it may not be amiss to refer to him as "Riggsie." Some of his friends have christened him "Pop." That is mere detail. The essential is that in Riggs is found one of the best examples of the reporter militant in this or any other country.

That is what he is, a reporter. He has not tacked to his name any of the flub-dub titles like Political Editor or Commissioner or Ambassador. He is a reporter, and those who have worked against him, either at conventions or at home, know that he is a good reporter. When you say a man is a good reporter you have conferred on him the highest newspaper distinction he can get. A great editor is a fine thing in his way, but he couldn't be a great editor if he were not a good reporter.

Edward G. Riggs

Riggs is big enough to remain a reporter. They haven't lured him away from his work by offering him any titles. He has stayed there, on the city staff, all these years, and he has more power and more everything else that counts than half the chaps who have rattled around in editorships and have, from time to time, dickered with him to get him with them. "Riggs, of the Sun," has been enough of a title for him, and "Riggs, of the Sun," has come to mean a lot in the newspaper world, and in politics.

Of course, the editorial page of the Sun moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, but the news of what is going on can generally be found tucked away in the paper somewhere, if Riggs is on the job. It is natural after thirty years of work among politicians, after thirty years of noting their habits and habitat and observing how bogus most of them are, that Riggs should have some prejudices. He has as complete an assortment as can be imagined, and he has a picturesque way of telling about these prejudices at times. Still, he is a reporter first and, like every other good reporter, he wants the news and lets the rest of it go hang, until the proper time comes to say the things it seems necessary to say

The stock in trade of a political writer is acquaintance. He must know everybody, and everybody must know him. He must know men so they will talk to him. Riggs has made it his business to know men in all parts of the country, and to know them so they will tell him as much of the truth as they will tell anybody. That, in most cases, isn't so much that it palls any, but the good reporter knows what is truth, generally, and what is not, and, as has been said before, Riggs is a good reporter.

There is no false modesty about Riggs. He goes at a man in a square-toed fashion, and does not convey the impression that he is asking for any particular favor. If the man he asks to talk doesn't want to talk, Riggs finds out somewhere else, and lets it go at that. He thinks his position is as good as that of any politician or statesman who ever came rocketing into public view, and it is, as are the positions of all the top-notch political writers—and then some.

No man ever got anywhere as a political writer who did not have absolute courage. The trimmer, the side-stepper, the cross-roader, who tries to use salve may attain a peaceful existence, but his writing will not stand for anything, and will carry no weight. The only way to make an impression on politicians is to beat them over the head with any club that may be handy. If you palaver them and soft-soap them, they will think they deserve what you say about them and will puff up like toy balloons. "Hit them in the eye" is the right motto, and then they will get to be so tame that they will eat out of your hands.

It takes nerve to do this sometimes. A real political writer must be a fighter. Let him show the white feather once, and the politicians will bunco him ever afterward. Tell the truth about them and tell it in harsh Anglo-Saxon, and they will hate you, but they will respect you. The State of New York is populated with politicians who hate Riggs, but there isn't one of them who will willingly go into a fight with him or with any man of his class.

Riggs has been pounding thick political skulls for thirty years. He has had some hard knocks himself, too, but that makes no difference. No man can fight without getting a crack or two. The fact about it is that whenever Riggs made up his mind there was a head to be hit, he hit it. There was no beating about the bush, no ambushing, no standing behind a corner and waiting for the man to come along. Riggs walked up to him, in the open, and—biff! Then, if the man biffed back, Riggs hit him another crack harder than the first. If it got to be a rough-and-tumble, all well and good. Riggs can bite and gouge as well as the next one—with his pencil, of course and, when it was all over, there was Riggs, whether scarred or not, lusting for another fight, undaunted and unafraid.

The joy of battle! One does not have to lead a charge in a forlorn hope or storm a fortress to get it. You can have all the war you want by pounding a typewriter. It isn't the pounding that is the war. The war is the result of the stuff you pound out on the typewriter or write with a pencil or a pen. There needn't be a physical combat. It is probable that Riggs never had more than one or two fist-fights in his life. Once he did smash a statesman who offended him, but he isn't that kind ordinarily. He fights in his newspaper—and my, oh my, how the gore does fly at times!

Riggs is a round man. His face is round, his head is round, his paunch is round. He is a peaceful-looking citizen, but handy. Great bushy eyebrows are his pride and joy. When he is listening, he tugs at those eyebrows and says constantly: "Um-um-um-um." It sounds like the buzz of a bumblebee. When he goes into action, those eyebrows stand out like porcupine quills. He is tenacious of his opinions and loyal to his friends. He is relentless as an Apache when he is after a man or a set of men. He is jolly, good-natured, companionable, and a fine chap to have around when he is in repose.

Reputation and success in newspaper work demand the highest and most unselfish loyalty to one's paper. It must be the paper first and nothing else second. Loyalty is Riggs' finest attribute, even better than his courage. He is for his paper and he is for his friends.

The influence of a man like Riggs cannot be estimated. He has done much to shape policies in New York for thirty years. There is no way of computing this, but there is no person who will deny that he has been a power. He has not had his head turned by flattery. He has not been disturbed by abuse. He has been "Riggs, of the Sun." Whether his policies have always been right is a matter for dispute. The fact is, he has fought his fight out in the open, regardless of what the other side said, won some and lost some, but always cheerfully, always philosophically and always from his own foundation.

He is a good reporter. He neither needs nor desires any other medals.

The Hall of Fame

℄ Senator Morgan, of Alabama, still hale and hearty, was admitted to the bar in 1845.

℄ One of the ambitions of Vice-President Fairbanks is to reunite the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches.

℄ Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, is a delightful after-dinner speaker, and he likes to go to banquets and talk, if he is not kept up too late.

℄ Governor Deneen, of Illinois, has some friends who think the Governor may be a dark horse for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1908. The Governor is willing.

℄ Just now President Roosevelt is studying Gaelic. He took this language up about six months ago before his decision in regard to spelling-reform, and is intensely interested.

℄ Henry B. F. MacFarland and Henry L. West, two of the three commissioners who are at the head of the municipal government of Washington, were both newspaper men when they were appointed.

℄ George R. Peck, the general counsel of the St. Paul road, is one of the few men in the United States who refused to go to the United States Senate. He was appointed once and would not take the place.

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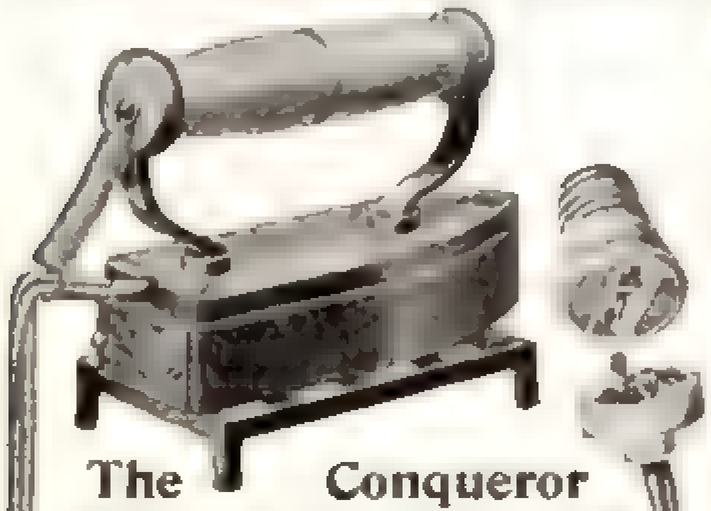

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Cheap Power for All

Some Possibilities of Free Alcohol

BY RENÉ BACHE

UNCLE SAM'S Alcohol Book, which is on the point of being issued, seems destined to prove the most popular Government publication of the year—judging from the immense number of advance applications for it already received. The 100,000 copies printed as a first edition will go off like hot cakes, scarce beginning to satisfy the demand.

It is to be issued as a "farmers' bulletin"—presumably because the farmers are more keenly interested in the matter than anybody else. And no wonder, inasmuch as free alcohol, although of much prospective usefulness for various mechanical purposes in cities, and likely to give important encouragement to many arts, promises to be a veritable blessing in parts of the country where coal, kerosene, and other materials available for fuel and lighting are difficult to obtain.

Free alcohol, however, is expected not only to warm the farmer's dwelling in winter and make his evenings cheerful by the illumination it affords, but also to relieve him from much of his labor by furnishing power. Both his house and his barn will be liberally and inexpensively supplied with running water by a small motor actuating a pump; and another little engine, likewise driven by alcohol, will operate a machine for chopping and grinding his cattle-food. In various other minor ways alcohol will make itself useful as a source of readily-available energy on the farm; and, not improbably, it may be employed even to milk the cows, inasmuch as the problem of performing that task by mechanical means has been satisfactorily solved.

In Europe mowing-machines, plows, and reapers and binders, run by alcohol-motors, have proved conspicuously successful; and it seems not unlikely that, before long, similar contrivances will be utilized on farms in the United States. Indeed, all sorts of wheeled vehicles may be economically propelled by this kind of fluid fuel, special contrivances for burning it being provided. A point upon which the Alcohol Book lays stress is that alcohol, however it may be employed for heating, for illumination, or for the production of power, demands peculiar mechanical arrangements.

A Blow to Gasoline

For example, one cannot pour alcohol into the tank of a gasoline automobile and expect the car to travel. To volatilize the fluid rapidly enough for motor purposes there is required nearly twice the heat demanded by gasoline; and, consequently, a modification is needed in the construction of the engine. But it is not of much importance, involving only a change in the form of the explosion chamber.

"Alcohol," says the forthcoming bulletin, "burns with a pale blue flame that is intensely hot. There is no smoke, and what odor there is cannot be termed offensive. To give the flame illuminating power a mantle must be used. As for heating stoves, in which alcohol is employed, there are several different kinds already in use, including apparatus for roasting coffee or peanuts and for heating crimping-irons." One may buy to-day in the hardware shops a self-heating flatiron which contains a small alcohol lamp.

When certain earths, such as "thoria," are reduced to a fine powder and subjected to high heat, they glow brilliantly with an intense white light. Taking advantage of this fact, resort is had to the expedient of depositing the thoria in such a way upon white cloth that, when the cloth has been burned away, the mantle made of it preserves its shape. If placed over a gas flame in the familiar manner, the mantle becomes brightly incandescent; but the same thing happens when the flame is furnished by alcohol.

Now, although the new law, which removes the tax of two dollars and twenty cents a gallon from alcohol used for industrial and domestic purposes, goes into effect on the first day of the coming year, the Government authorities, oddly enough, have not yet been able to decide what substance shall be employed to "denaturize" the stuff—that is to say, to render it undrinkable. It is a difficult question, indeed, because many ingredients that might be added would render the product impossible for utilization in certain important arts. For example, if wood alcohol is chosen, the tax-free material cannot be turned to account in the compounding of pharmaceutical preparations.

Hard on the Druggist

Yet the manufacture of drug-products is one of the most important uses to which industrial alcohol is expected to be put. Take, for instance, the great class of remedies known as "tinctures," which are made by soaking various roots and herbs in spirits, so that their active and valuable principles may be extracted. Obviously the addition of a poisonous ingredient like wood alcohol would render the employment of the free article out of the question for such purposes. Then there is ether, which is so largely utilized in surgery and in various chemical processes. It is made from alcohol; but almost any imaginable "denaturing" agent would be likely to spoil it.

As for the tinctures, it may be that the Government will take the view that the methods adopted in making them are essentially denaturing processes, inasmuch as they are not suitable for consumption as beverages, and that it will dismiss the matter from further consideration, so far as they are concerned. But there are ever so many puzzles wrapped up in this new administrative problem, and a whole lot of wisdom will be required to solve them. To mention another case in point, the flavoring extracts of commerce are mostly alcoholic solutions; and it is necessary, for obvious reasons, that the alcohol used shall be as pure as possible. Are manufacturers of these extracts to be allowed, by special indulgence from the Treasury Department, to dispense with the unpleasant ingredient (whatever it may be) imposed upon ordinary folks?

It is the Treasury, and not the Department of Agriculture, that controls all affairs relating to industrial alcohol. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. Yerkes, is general manager, and whatever he says on the subject is the law. He will even determine what shall be the minimum size of the still employed; for it is by no means intended that the individual farmer shall be permitted to manufacture his own supply of spirits, "moonshine" fashion, as one might say, even though it be under Federal surveillance. It would make too much trouble and, besides, the Government experts believe that it would not be profitable. The agriculturist should be content to produce the raw materials out of which others will make the alcohol; and he will have the privilege of purchasing it at a cheap rate.

At least fifty denaturing agents have been suggested to Mr. Yerkes for his consideration, among them, turpentine, benzine, carbolic acid, caustic soda and castor oil. From so attractive an array of ingredients he has naturally hesitated to take a pick.

When one comes to consider the available sources of industrial alcohol, one finds that they are legion. To begin with, there is the potato—the every-day white potato of commerce. It contains, ordinarily, about fifteen per cent. of starch, which is directly convertible into alcohol. An average acre of land will yield one hundred bushels of potatoes, which, at the rate of three and a half quarts of alcohol to the bushel (and that is just about the output), should represent a little over eighty-seven gallons of the fluid.

There are, however, certain varieties of the white potato which contain twenty or more per cent. of starch and are proportionately more productive of alcohol. These have been developed chiefly in Germany, where the agricultural experiment stations for a good many years past have been trying to evolve tubers as rich as possible in the respect mentioned, without regard to their edible quality. Indeed, the

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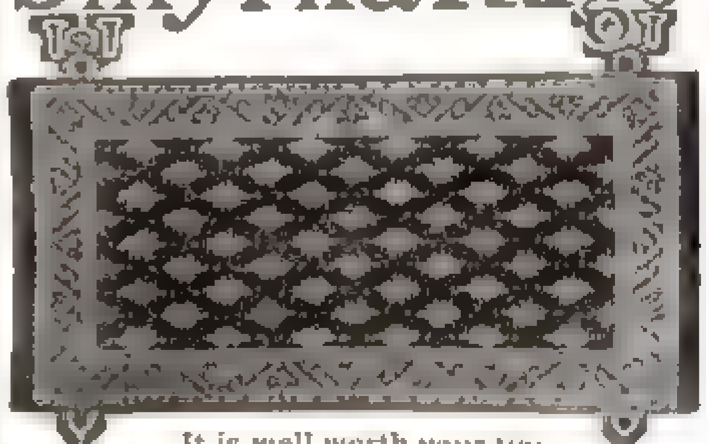

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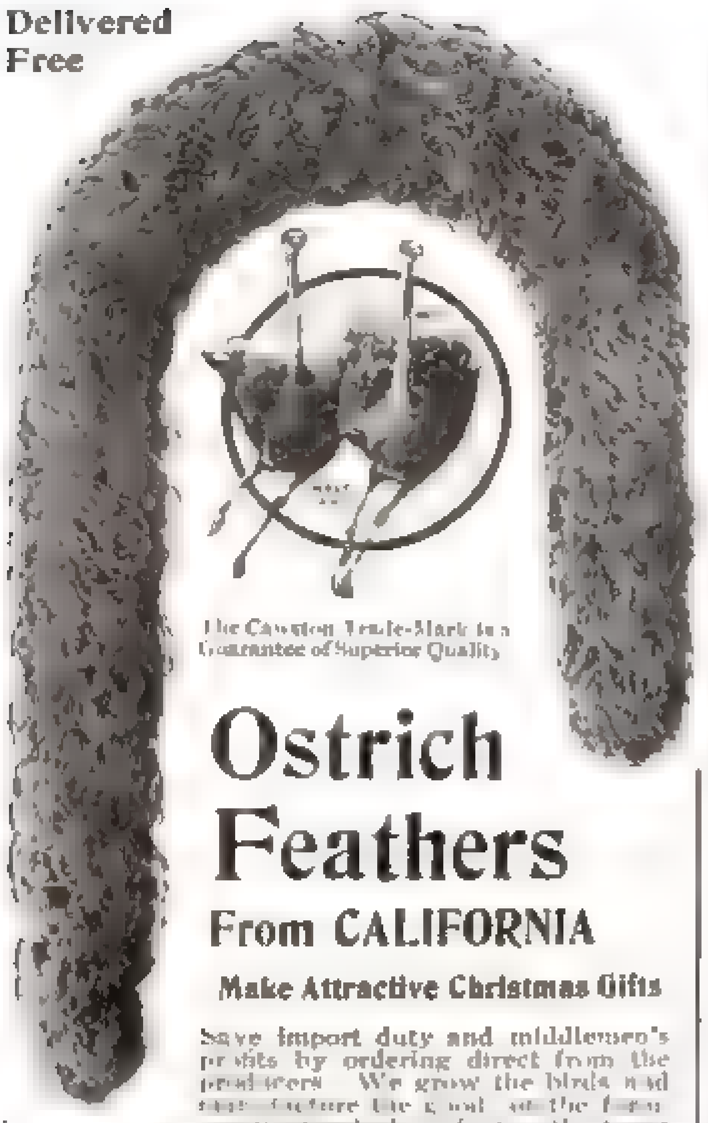

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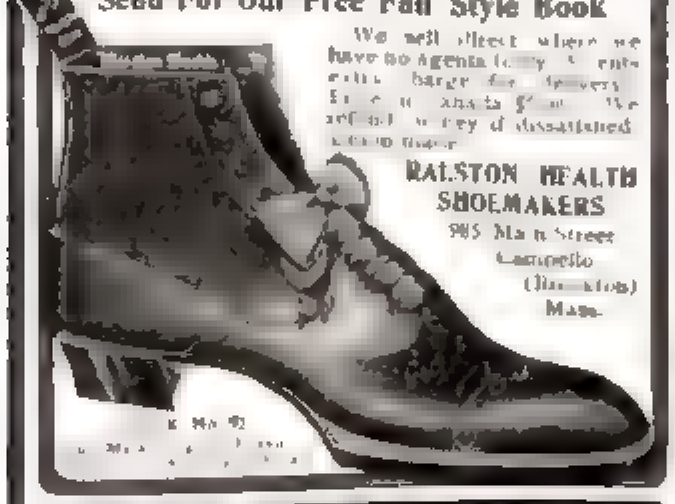

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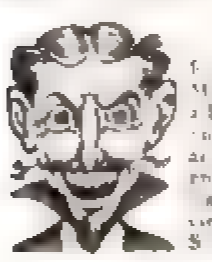

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potatoes thus grown for alcohol are not very palatable, being rather coarse and flavorless. Some of them are of huge size, and, it is said, fall not far short of thirty per cent. of starch.

Whatever in the way of plant material will furnish starch, or sugar, or even cellulose (which is the woody tissue of plants), is available stuff for alcohol production. Thus it is suggested in the Alcohol Book that the root of the cassava, which holds a considerably larger percentage of starch than the potato, might be profitably used in this way. The cassava is grown over large areas of the South Atlantic and Gulf States, and a yield of only four tons to the acre will furnish one ton of fermentable matter, representing about 143 gallons of alcohol. The output can be made much greater, however.

The Sweet Potato's Gift

Sweet potatoes have never been utilized in the United States as a source of alcohol, though in the Azores large quantities of them are employed for the purpose, producing a fluid of exceptionally fine quality which is used to fortify port wine. The are richer in starch than white potatoes, averaging about twenty-four per cent., and experiments made at the South Carolina agricultural station have shown that an acre of land can be made to produce 11,000 pounds of them. One bushel of sweet potatoes will yield over a gallon of alcohol, against six-sevenths of a gallon for white potatoes.

Molasses, of which we produce 25,000,000 gallons per annum, is another available source—three gallons yielding one gallon of alcohol. The precious fluid might also be manufactured in large quantities from the refuse of the wine-making, fruit evaporation and canning industries—especially from the waste of factories devoted to the canning of tomatoes and Indian corn. Taking into account imperfect apples and peaches, cores, seeds and what-not, it is reckoned that the refuse incidental to the preparation of fruits for canning is about twenty-five per cent. of the whole.

By far the greatest available source of industrial alcohol in this country, however, is Indian corn, which is our principal cereal crop. One bushel of maize will produce about two and three-quarters gallons of alcohol. But the stalks and cobs, nearly all of which are now thrown away, contain a great deal of starch and sugar; and, if they could be utilized, an almost inexhaustible supply of raw material would be placed at the disposal of the distiller. Recently the Department of Agriculture has been making experiments with a view to shedding light upon this interesting problem, and it has been found that such refuse can be made to yield "high wines" at a cost not exceeding three cents a gallon

Save Your Cornstalks!

In the juice of sweet-corn stalks is from four to fourteen per cent. of sugar. The cobs, also, are rich in starch and sugar, containing from six to ten per cent. of the latter and from eight to thirteen per cent. of the former. Ordinary corncobs, fresh from the field, will yield from six to nine per cent. of their weight in alcohol.

Now, the extent to which free industrial alcohol is destined to prove useful to the people of this country must depend primarily upon the cost of it. The Alcohol Book says that the corn required to produce one gallon of alcohol costs about fifteen cents. If another fifteen cents be added to pay the expense of manufacture, and ten cents more for the profit of distiller and dealer, the selling price of the article will be forty cents. This seems rather cheap, but, in fact, it is too high. At such a price alcohol can hardly compete with kerosene and gasoline, save to a limited extent.

There is reason to believe, however, that means will be found whereby the cost will be reduced considerably below this mark. For one thing, agricultural methods bearing upon this particular problem will be improved, so that an acre of land will be made to yield a greater quantity of starch, whether in the shape of potatoes or some other product. Then, too, it seems not unlikely that the problem of utilizing cornstalks will be solved, or that the puzzle will be worked out satisfactorily on some other line. In one way or another, the price per gallon is pretty sure to be brought down to thirty cents, or perhaps to twenty-five cents, within the next dozen years.

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By Henry A. Shute

CRICKETS

CRICKETS aint the things you set on, but the things whitch set on you. The first kind you can kick when you are mad, but the kind i meen you want to kick and paist and lam, but you cant becaus they always lives somewhare elce.

The first kind your father sumtimes tumbels over in the dark and says, i gess i wont wright jest what he says, becaus it is two tuf. Ennyway it is swaring and i like to hear him becaus if he dont sware then i know he is two mad to sware, and when he is two mad to sware he always comes in and licks me for leeving the cricket whare he can tumbel over it, even if it aint me whitch done it. if i sware and father hears me he licks me. and if mother hears me she tells father and he licks me. and if Cele or Keene or Georgie or Annie or enny of the nabers hears me they tell father and he licks me. aunt Sarah never tells him. mother dont want to, but she says she feels oblidged to. my sister Cele got auful mad once and said dam, and then she run up to her room and bawled all the afternoon and staid in her room the nex day, becaus she said she must punish herself.

The crickets i meen is the kind of peeple whitch say meen things about you in the papers when you cant anser back.

Crickets is the sassiest peeple in the wirld. They is also bitter. My father says crickets live on sour milk and wirmwood. it is feerful bitter, and i gess if i had to eat that all the time i wood get sassy two.

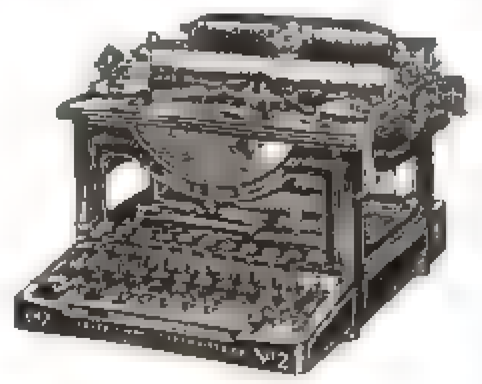
Last winter i was sick and mother made me drink sum wirmwood, and i up an sassed her. i wood have got a licking if she had been father. but she want father whitch was pretty lucky for me. you bet mother aint father. if she was they woodent be enny fun in living. i wood be getting lickings all the time.

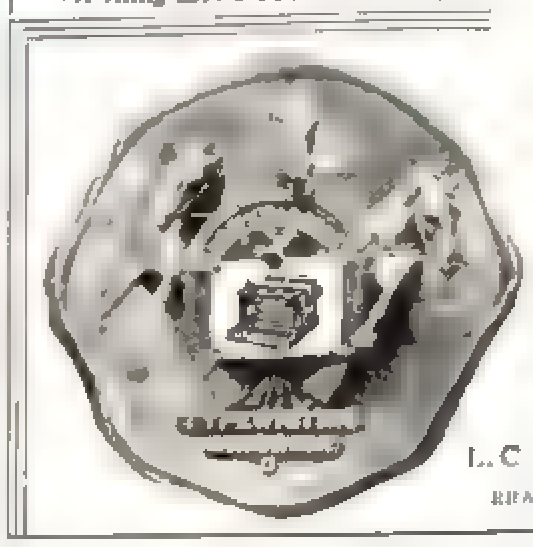
Well about crickets, the kind I meen aint the little black crawly ones neether, whitch sing notes on hot afternoons in summer. they is only good for putting down girls backs and fellers two sumtimes, only fellers most always give you a poke in the slats while girls only jump up and down and screech like merder.

the men crickets whitch sass you in the papers is a good deal wirse. if you have wrote a good peace for the paper and the paper prints it the crickets see it and they say it is the wirst they ever have saw. they wright a longer peace than the peace whitch you have rote and they say you was rong in most everything, that you dont know how to wright ennyway. and they take parts of your peace and analise it and pass it jest like we usted to analise and pass the curfu tolls the nell of parting day the loing hird wind sloly oar the lee in the grammer school.

Well when the cricket has got threw analising and passing your peace, you wished you hadent never wrote enny peace and you think that you never will wright a nother.

Bimeby after the crickets have stopped sassing you in the paper and are sassin sumbody elce, whitch aint half so bad to stand, you want to wright a nother peace and you think you know jest what kind of a peace they like, becaus you have read the sassy things they have rote and you have lerned sumthing So you wright a nother peace and you write it jest as they all said you had aught to have rote the first peace, and you send it to the same paper or maggizene whitch printed the first peace, and if your peace is good enuf or if the edditor thinks it is good enuf or if he aint got eny other peaces to print in his old paper or maggizene he will print it and you will feel prety big becaus you think you have the crickets. and you will by the paper and read the peace the first thing you do and you will by ten copies of the paper to send it to your frends and the next day you will by 10 copies more if you have got chink enuf, and the next day sum more and then one day sum feller will send you a copy of a nother paper and it will have printed on it marked copy, and you will tear it open to





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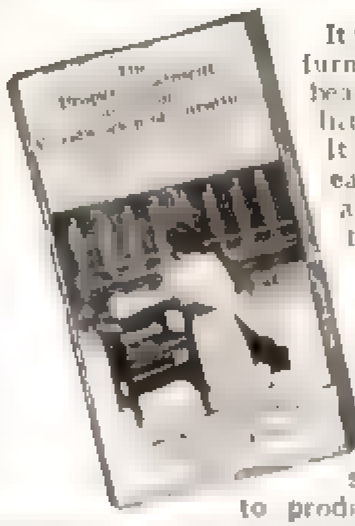

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see what it is about and then you will sware and cuss becaus the crickets will say your peace was wirse than ennything they ever see, and they will give you hale Collumbia. and then you will sware and cuss some more and you will pile down to the post ofice as hard as you can hiper to see if those papers whitch you sent to your frends have gone. and you will find that it is the first time the post oficer has sent things off the same day for a year but he did them. and then you call the crickets all the awful names you could think of and then you say you wont never wright ennything more for the papers or the maggizenes if you live one thousand years or more.

They is lots of awful meen things in life. pupy dogs that come up behind you sudden and bark and scare you to deth, warts, pimples that come all over your face jest before the Crismas festivel, cracker crums in bed, tite boots and collers that scrach your neck and cufs whitch you have to ware when you dont want to and soar throte and bellie ake and rubarb and soda and sum other things two, but crickets is the wirst of all becaus they last longer and hurt wirse.

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Their Ways and Their Work

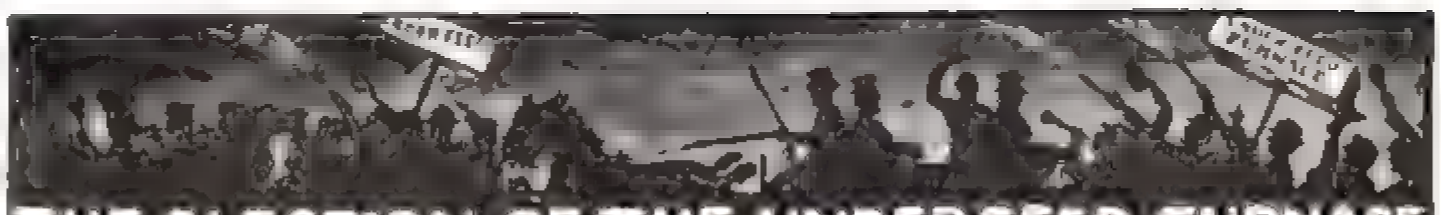
An Endless Autobiography

WE HAVE had the first chapters of Mark Twain's autobiography. He promises enthusiastically to keep it up indefinitely, so long as he has anything to confess, and he threatens that he can confess into the millions of words. There are already on hand something like a quarter of a million words of it, and Mr. Clemens says that he can't see the end of the stream. It will be a bonanza for his publishers, and, if the rest of it is anything like as good as these first fruits, the public will wish the author another seventy years in which to write his autobiography.

Mr. Clemens does not intend to be hampered by any little conventions in writing the reminiscences of his life: he will jump about backward and forward as he likes when the whim takes him, following the suggestions of his lively fancy rather than the sequence of the years. Moreover, he will tell just as much truth about men and things he has seen as it seems good to him, and color with his humor where the fact is less than the real truth. In these ways his autobiography reminds one of that other endless confession by Laurence Sterne, but the whimsical vagaries of the English humorist are less rich in human nature, in kindliness and shrewdness, than the extravagances of Mark Twain.

Mr. Lewis and Paul Jones

WHOSO loves a courageous story of courageous men, whoso believes that only the brave deserve the fair, whoso has still in his blood that quality of flint which answers with the ready spark to tales of mighty fights by sea, to brave speeches and braver deeds—in a word, whoso is still of that good old cult of the hero-worshiper—will find a book to his humor in The Story of Paul Jones (*G. W. Dillingham Company*), by Alfred Henry Lewis. It would be difficult to imagine any author writing stupidly about Paul Jones, and it would be even harder to imagine Mr. Lewis writing stupidly about anything. The present combination of subject and author is, therefore, propitious—and it proves never to be disappointing. Accurately described as an historical romance, the book might, indeed, have been called a romance of history, since, so far as its many fighting-pages go, Mr. Lewis sticks to the facts. Not one of Jones' great battles is omitted, and all are presented, not only truly, but vividly. And if, after even a certain fidelity in the matter of conversation—if, after Washington, Franklin and Lafayette have crossed the stage and Adams has played his rôle of villain—if then there enters the "lady with the red-gold hair," who, honestly, may say that her note is a false one? Sailors were ever doughty lovers, and Paul Jones was one of the best sailors that ever walked a quarter-deck.



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YOU' [illegible] of household economy. If you vote an U[illegible] For [illegible] to have a *steady* supply [illegible] The Congress[illegible] Maine to the [illegible] West an *ever increasing* current of Underfeed testimony [illegible] that the

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Saves ½ to ⅔ on Coal Bills

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"The Peck Williamson Underfeed Furnace is more than satisfactory I heated 13 rooms last Winter with your largest size furnace at a cost of $42, and we had CLEAN, PURE, STEADY heat all winter I believe it is the most physiological system of heat yet devised for PURE AIR AND HEAT in our cold climate. I am glad to recommend it to my friends."

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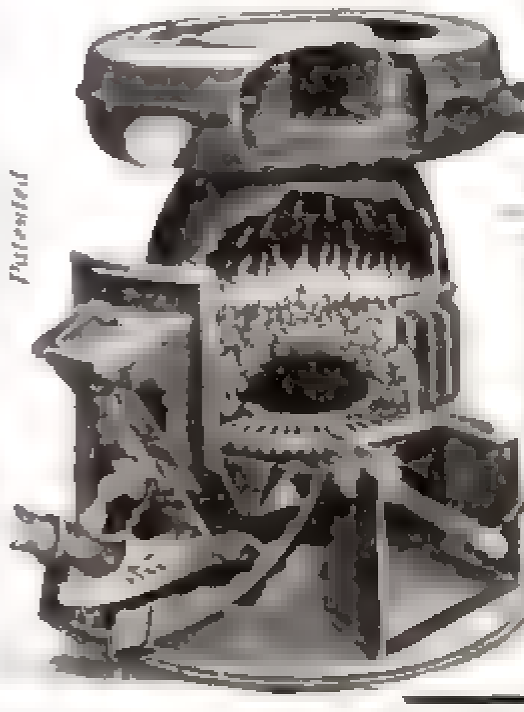
The Peck-Williamson Co., 329 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

Dealers, Write To-day for Our Attractive Proposition.



Beautiful Jewelry at Wonderful Prices

[illegible] charges on all our goods, even [illegible]

The Warren Mansfield Co., 265 S. Middle St., Portland, Me.

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For hanging up CALENDARS, small pictures, draperies, posters [illegible] No hammer needed [illegible] STEEL [illegible] GLASS [illegible] 10c per box of one doz. [illegible] Moore Push Pin Co., 113 S. 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Conover Piano

IN deciding between a Conover Piano and one of less merit, you should be guided simply by your musical requirements and your idea of true economy. If you wish to possess a piano of superior tone quality, one that will enable you fully to express your interpretative ability; if you desire an instrument that will be permanent in musical character, choose the Conover. Even for temporary use, it is much more satisfactory to have a fine instrument than an inferior one: the good piano not only gives better service but always represents a higher intrinsic value. And it is a better investment to purchase an instrument whose musical qualities you know will be lasting than it is to buy one that may disappoint you later on.

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Chicago

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Chicago [illegible]
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(Name)
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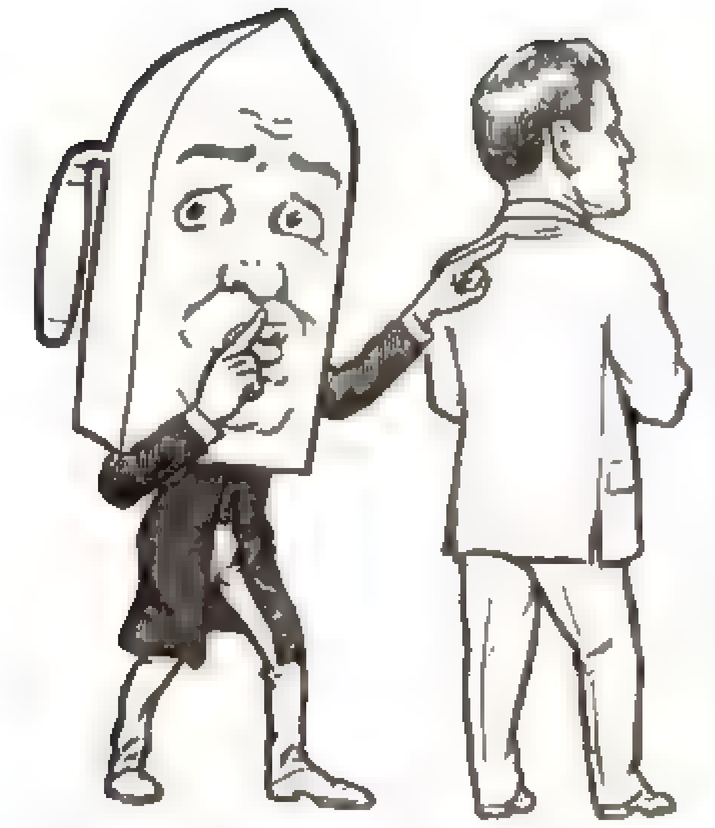


The Sign of Poor Work

By A. Frank Taylor

ALL suits, whether Custom Tailored or Ready-to-Wear, when new look alike to most men. For a *new* suit unless it is a very Punk Piece of work usually fits pretty good at first.

Because *then* the Fabric is Stiff and whether or not the suit is properly made the Fabric will hold for a time the Shape given it by Old Dr. Goose — the Hot Flat Iron.

Consequently a man may often Shake Hands with himself when he first tries on his suit after it is finished or he has purchased it.

— And three or six weeks later will Kick himself for having paid his Good Money for the shapeless and ill-fitting Suit Burlesque he finds he Owns.

* * *

Now an ill fitting and shapeless suit of clothes is a result of Improper Cutting and Poor Workmanship. An Expert Tailor can tell at a glance when a Suit is properly or improperly made.

And we believe you Should Know how he does it — so that You can *tell* a suit — for yourself — *before* and not after it is Purchased.

Now no matter if the suit be made by the Most Celebrated Custom Tailor in the World — or the most Exclusive Ready-To-Wear clothes maker —

If you see that *wrinkle* below the collar to which old Dr. Goose is pointing in the illustration — it's a Poor Suit

For that Wrinkle is the Sure Sign of Poor Work.

The suit upon which *that* sign appears while it may look fine at the try-on — will lose its shape and fit a week or a month later —

The Collar will Gap at the back of the neck — the left Lapel will Bulge — the Shoulders will lose their Shape and Sag — the sleeves will begin to twist — and certain Breaks and Wrinkles will appear between the Neck and Shoulder and over the Breast.

All other defects in a Coat may be "adjusted" Temporarily by Remaking — or "doped" for a time by old Dr. Goose — the Hot Flat Iron

But that Wrinkle or Fullness below the Collar — where you won't notice it if you don't look for it — *must remain*

For that's Old Dr. Goose's *unwilling* Sign of Poor Work in a suit — somewhere or somehow.

* * *

Look for that Wrinkle in the back of Men's Coats on the Street

You'll see it in 99 out of every 100

If you *don't* see that Wrinkle in a suit you can be *sure* of *one* of two things.

Either — the Wearer has drawn *the one* suit in a hundred that has by a Freak of Fortune been made *right* in spite of Improper Cutting or Poor Workmanship

— Or the suit has been made by Kuh, Nathan & Fischer — makers of "Sincerity Clothes."

Who really know just how a Suit should be Cut and who can Afford to pay the Price of careful — slow — expert Needle Workmanship to needle *mould* Shape and Fit *permanently* into a suit

And not simply "dope" it into a Temporary Form by Old Dr. Goose — the Hot Flat Iron — and have it Fade away into Shapelessness the first real hot or rainy day that comes along.

The next time you Purchase a suit look for the sign of Poor Work.

Have a friend hold the coat by the shoulders so part of the back is Horizontal and flat and press your finger along the center back seam toward the Collar.

If there's a Fullness — and you see that *Wrinkle* — the suit is badly made — *don't buy it*

Instead look for the Clothes that bear the label below — just inside the Collar — then your Suit will be sure to fit you and be Stylish — and it will retain its style and fit until you're ready for your next One

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Need of the Hour

Now Molly scrubs the kitchen clean
  And fumigates the food,
She germicides the soup tureen
  And also boils the wood;
And ere she goes, at twilight cool,
  To do the milking now,
She boils her hands, the milking stool,
  And also boils the cow.

She polishes the kitchen range
  With antiseptic black,
And fumigates the bit of change
  The huckster gives her back,
And ere the grocer's boy into
  The kitchen comes inside
She bids him steep each septic shoe
  In strong formaldehyde.

She boils the cook-book ere she takes
  It from the pantry shelf,
She sterilizes what she bakes
  And fumigates herself.
And when she tests the pies and cakes,
  Her teeth, so clean and white,
She scrubs with stuff before she takes
  Her antiseptic bite.

She scrubs the iceman's scanty dole
  With prophylactic stuff,
She sprays the kitchen wood and coal
  Until it cries enough.
And in the flue she has a pan
  Of sulphur put a-soak,
A quite effective, novel plan
  To sterilize the smoke.

So let the world of foods impure
  Go wagging as it will,
My peace of mind shall long endure
  When others fare but ill;
For not a germ will dare to hide
  In any septic nook,
Since she has come for aye to bide:
  The Antiseptic Cook! —*J. W. Foley.*

The Worm Turns

ARCHIBALD L. WILLIAMS, one of the best-known and ablest lawyers of Topeka, Kansas, for many years attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad, is a gentleman possessed of a caustic humor and a nice discrimination in his choice of literature.

During the recent Standard Oil agitation in Kansas, a Colorado newspaper man rushed into print in defense of John D. Rockefeller. The story looked good to the journalist, and he thought to a corporation lawyer it would look better, so he mailed the clipping to his friend, A. L. Williams, of Topeka.

Some weeks later Williams visited Colorado, and hunted up his literary friend. His appreciation of the clipping ran like this:

"Mr. T——, I am indebted to you for your views of the Standard Oil situation. I have known you a number of years and I like you as well as any newspaper man I know. I would read your stuff as readily as that of any man I know, *but* not you or any other man can make me read about John D. Rockefeller, Tom Lawson, Ida M. Tarbell or Peruna."

Through the Eye of a Needle

IN THE early spring of 1904, Secretary of War Taft stopped for a day or so in Cleveland, Ohio. He had several calls to make and a bit of the city to see, and a friend, who was interested in one of Cleveland's many automobile factories, decided that it would be just the thing to have a smart touring-car, with an equally smart chauffeur, placed at the disposal of the weighty statesman for the afternoon.

Accordingly, he called the factory by telephone, and made known his wishes. Inside of half an hour a big car stood at the door of the Secretary's hotel, awaiting his pleasure. The Secretary's friend was there, too, anxiously watching the door, and intent upon seeing that everything went off without a hitch.

The Secretary appeared — and so did the hitch. In fact, the hitch was as large as the Secretary, the depicting of whose girth has made more American cartoonists run short of India ink than any other subject ever has done. At that time only one or two side-entrance motor-cars had been made in America — and this was not

"EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades $1.00

The Only 12 Bladed Razor in the world selling for less than $5.00. Marvelous mechanism that reduces blade-making to a scientific exactness has made possible **this $5.00 razor for $1.00.** Exorbitant profit-making will be a thing of the past just as soon as **you** and your friends have tried **"Ever-Ready"** shaving **12 blades** as lasting, as fine as [illegible] and keen edged as ever honed a "best" razor — together with safety frame and stropper handle — all in a compact little case for **$1.00.** No knack — no skill required — it's impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard with pleasurable ease.

Blades can be stropped, but we'll exchange **6** brand **new "Ever-Ready" blades** for 6 old ones and **25 cents,** any time. We send prepaid **"Ever-Ready"** blades to fit "Gem" "Star" and "Yankee" frames **6 for 50 cents** — or 12 for 75 cents.

"Ever Ready" razors and sets are sold by **Hardware, Cutlery, Department stores, Jewelers** and **Druggists** throughout America and the world. [illegible] it's the **"Ever-Ready"** razor you want. Guaranteed to shave your beard or money back. **Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.** *Canadian price, $1.25*

American Safety Razor Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.

HOME SONGS

For the Home-Coming of Thanksgiving and Christmas

This is a sheaf of songs [illegible] to the old world and the new — the songs which outlive the fickleness of human [illegible] one breathes some sentiment which the heart ever feels and for which it endlessly seeks expression.

There are [illegible] songs and [illegible] of more modern date; there are songs of sea and land; songs of patriotism and exile; love songs our mothers sang; songs sung by soldiers round the bivouac fire, when

"Each heard her thought of a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie,"

and a rare collection of rounds.

Last, but not least, there is a choice collection of those hymns in which religion has found expression without regard to creed or sect.

The [illegible] sweet songs! Not to know them is to miss the inspiration of some of the noblest sentiments which ever quickened the heart-beat of lover, sister, sailor, patriot or exile.

These songs are essentially "home songs," made for "the household ingle, curtained and closed and warm." They are arranged for mixed voices throughout and may be sung with or without the piano accompaniment. They are especially adapted for use at the family home gatherings, at Thanksgiving and in the Holiday season.

"Home Songs" contains 144 songs, bound in heavy paper; cloth back; price 50 cents, postpaid.

THE BEST COLLECTION OF THE BEST SONGS

Oliver Ditson Company, 27 Mason St., Boston, Mass.

SANITARY HEATING AND COAL SAVING

In your home is impossible without the

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

This device maintains a uniform temperature; relieves you of all care and attention; saves coal and prevents any possible accident from sudden changes of the weather. Does its work automatically, which means accurately, and a change of one degree in the temperature of the room operates the dampers. Is easily applied to hot water or steam boilers, furnaces or natural gas. [illegible] instantly from the living room. Costs no more than a good clock and has proven its merit for a quarter of a century. Lasts a lifetime.

Sold on 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Recommended and sold by all first class dealers in heating apparatus.
Free illustrated booklet

WM. R. SWEATT, President 1st Ave. and P St., Minneapolis, Minn.
New England Office, [illegible] Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

ADJUST HERE
IT'S AUTOMATIC

Florida Oranges, Grapefruit

Ordered by Mail—Sent by Express

Fancy Indian River Fruit, straight from our grove to your table, retaining its freshness, sweetness and exquisite flavor. The most delicious fruit that grows. Write for a box. Price, express paid, $5.00 a box for Oranges, $6.00 a box for Grapefruit, cash with order.

SOUTHERN FRUIT COMPANY

Main Office: JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

REFERENCES: Any bank in Jacksonville. Our capital stock is $60,000.

OUR BUILDING

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Our system appeals particularly to people who being employed during regular business hours find it inconvenient to visit a bank in person. Please send for Booklet "M" — free on request

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. THE CITY OF BANKS.
ASSETS OVER FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

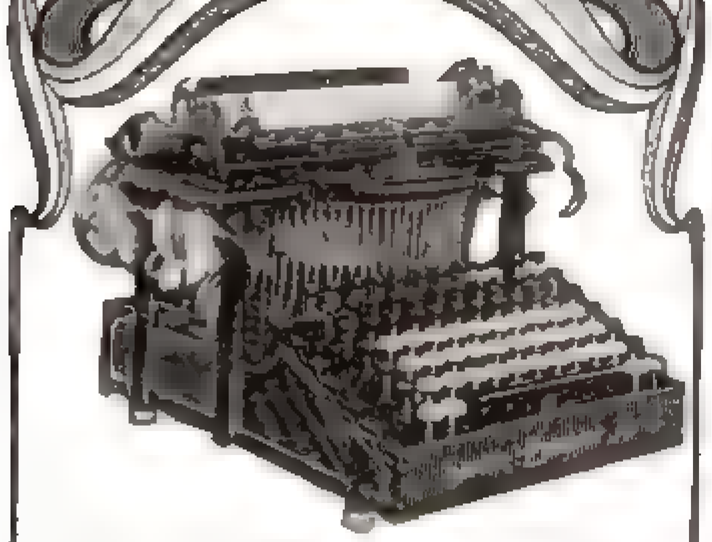
The first Derby made in America was a
C & K
Hats for Men

The Mentmore

The superior excellence of C & K hats is the rock upon which many a thriving hat business has been built during the past fifty years. The name of a responsible hatter is a stronger guarantee of hat-propriety when it is also known who *made* the hat.

Knapp-Felt

hats are $4. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are $6. Good hatters sell them.
WRITE FOR THE HATMAN.
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York



Letters that will copy,—documents that will not fade or smudge—and bills or statements showing the credits in red ink—can all be produced by

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

without changing the ribbon. A touch of a small lever brings the desired color.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models

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are a superfluity where our lamps are used. [illegible] power and produces a safe, white powerful, steady light with
No odor, dirt, grease or smoke
Every lamp warranted. Costs 2 [illegible] per week
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
The Best Light Co
Owners of Original Patents
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O

one of them. The host desired that his distinguished passenger should sit beside him in the tonneau, leaving the driver alone in severe dignity on the front seat. The host swung wide the back door of the tonneau—wide as it would go, which was something like eighteen inches. Secretary Taft bowed graciously, and put one substantial foot on the step.

The car creaked, and the back end sank three inches. The Secretary mounted got, somehow, into the doorway, and stuck there!

He shoved and pulled and strained. He turned an appealing eye on his host, who, rosy-red, apologized, attempted to assist, drew back in confusion, and turned, scowling, at the grinning loiterers who had gathered on the sidewalk

With "Why don't you do something?" hissed at him by the host, the chauffeur forsook his wheel, climbed down, and, half-choking, assisted in the pulling and hauling.

At last it was over. The distinguished guest, finally back on earth again, climbed up in front with the solemn chauffeur. The sad-eyed host rode grandly alone in the tonneau. They were already late for an appointment.

If you will look at the recent photographs of Secretary Taft riding in a big motor-car in Cuba with Secretary Bacon you will note that the car is of the new, side-door pattern.

High Art

THERE is a certain great cartoonist who is an ardent advocate of spelling reform because he is so poor a speller himself. His editors watch with the greatest care the inscriptions he puts on his work and correct misspelled words almost every day.

A short time ago the cartoonist was working on a picture that had to do with the International Peace Congress. He looked up from his board and said to his neighbor:

"How do you spell Angelo?"

"A-n-g-e-l-o," spelled the other. "How are you going to use it?"

"Oh," the cartoonist replied, "I am making a cartoon about this Angelo-American alliance."

Not Listed

A BIG operator on Wall Street, famed for his success, daring and fortune, is a member of the Waldorf coterie that meets in Mr. Boldt's big hotel each afternoon after the market closes and makes shearing plans for the next day.

A few nights ago he went to a dinner-party The lady he took out with him didn't know much about Wall Street, so she sought to lead the operator along the paths of literature.

"Do you like Balzac?" she asked by way of an opener.

"No " was the answer; "I never deal in those curb-stocks."

The Sleeves of Yesterday

I wonder where the sleeves have flown
  That erstwhile hid milady's arms;
The present show of flesh and bone
  Too oft reveals but doubtful charms.
A style the washerwomen set
  Is recognized as recherche—
Dame Fashion, it's the worst thing yet!
  Where are the sleeves of yesterday?

Hortense, whose "bridge" keeps her supplied
  With lucre; Jane, who "does" her hair;
Marie, with a Marquis allied,
  Annette, of waitresses most fair;
Be she of high or low degree
  Each maid's a part of the display
Of bare-armed femininity—
  Where are the sleeves of yesterday?

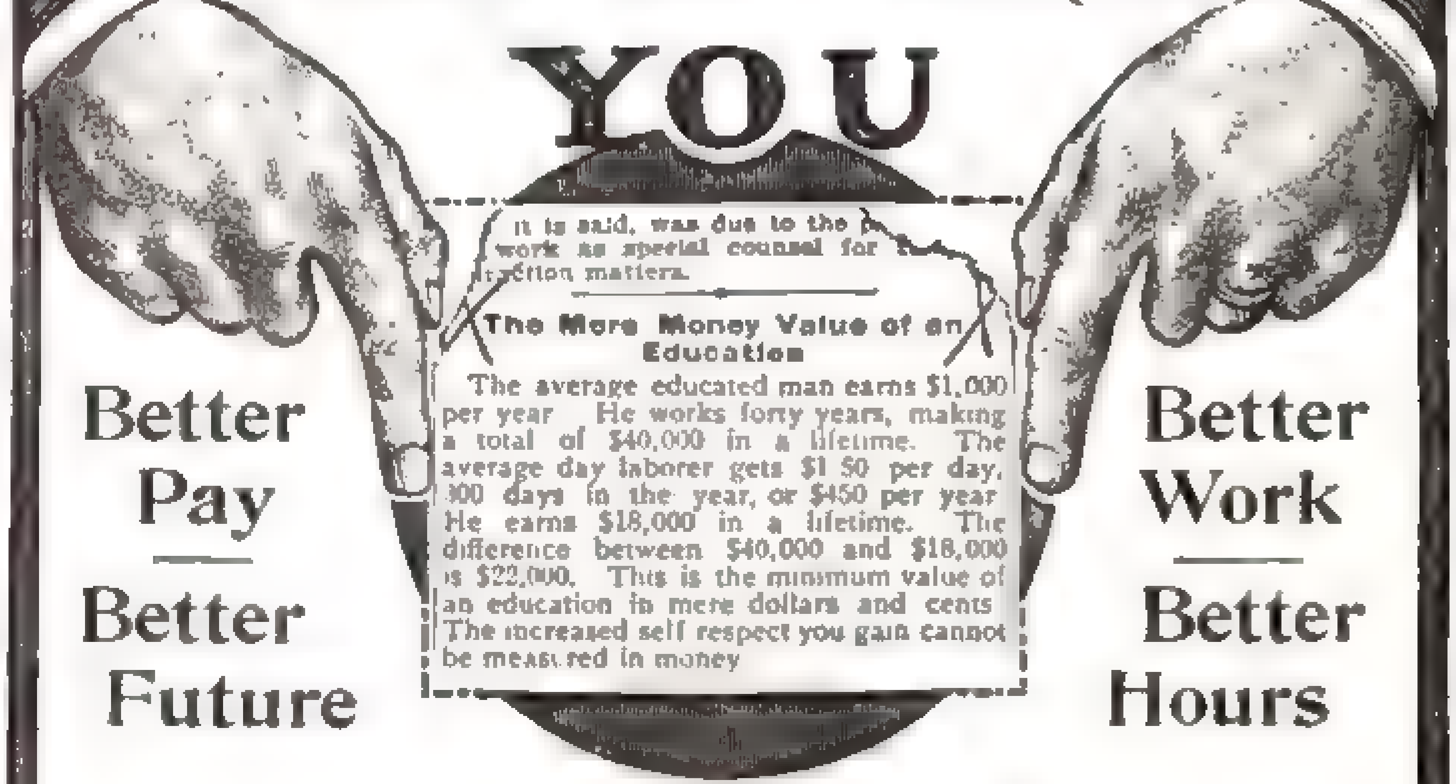
They of the arms raw-boned and brown;
  Spaghetti-like; of brawny strength;
Are they afraid of Fashion's frown
  That all their sleeves are elbow-length?
Some wear long gloves, but these are rare;
  (There's dearth of those long gloves, they say).
The vast majority go bare—
  Where are the sleeves of yesterday?

L'ENVOI

Haste, Fashion, cover up the limb!
  (A very vulgar term, you'll say.)
Though I be prudish, priggish, prim—
  Where are the sleeves of yesterday?

—*Arthur D. Pratt.*

POINTS THAT INTEREST
YOU



it is said, was due to the [illegible] work as special counsel for [illegible] [illegible]ction matters.

The More Money Value of an Education

The average educated man earns $1,000 per year He works forty years, making a total of $40,000 in a lifetime. The average day laborer gets $1 50 per day, 300 days in the year, or $450 per year He earns $18,000 in a lifetime. The difference between $40,000 and $18,000 is $22,000. This is the minimum value of an education in mere dollars and cents The increased self respect you gain cannot be measured in money

Better Pay
Better Future
Better Work
Better Hours

¶ No man will purposely choose a poorly-paid, **under** position to one where he can earn a good living salary and command respect and authority. The reason that so many **continue** to toil away day after day at poorly-paid, disagreeable work is because they haven't enough education to do more important work. There was a time when it meant a great sacrifice to secure an education, when the man who had had no chance to get an education in his youth was handicapped for the rest of his life

¶ The **American School of Correspondence,** Chicago, Ill., has changed all this. Any ambitious man, no matter how little schooling he has had, can start now and fit himself for any position that he is ambitious to fill. Time, cost and location are no barriers. The **American School** allows you to suit your studies to your convenience; and you pay for your instruction according to your circumstances

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. **Bound Instruction Books** The Books (averaging about 50 in a course) furnished you as you progress, are substantially bound in cloth—not paper pamphlets. In addition, if you enroll now in one of our full courses you get the "Reference Library of Modern Engineering Practice" in 12 volumes, 6,000 pages, without extra charge
2. **Personal Instruction** The American School has more teachers for the number of students and a larger proportion of graduates than any other correspondence school. These are the points that determine the real value of the instruction.
3. **No Agents** The money you pay us is not used to maintain an expensive organization of high-priced agents, but is used to give you better instruction at a lower cost.
4. **No Annoyance** You are not annoyed at home or at your place of business by repeated calls from agents

Check the coupon send it to us immediately, and receive FREE our 200-page handbook giving the names of graduates who have bettered their positions through our instruction

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Please send me 200-page handbook. I am interested in the course marked X

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___Telegraphy
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___Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing
___Stationary Engineering
___Structural Drafting
___Locomotive Engineering
___Civil Engineering
___Marine Engineering
___Architecture
___Textiles
___College Preparatory Course [fitting for entrance to engineering schools]

Name

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Armour Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

[illegible] SAT EVE POST [illegible]

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

Chiclets

At All the Better kind of Stores 5 cents the Ounce or in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

H. & R.
Greatest Revolver value for the money.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 229 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

A leading tobacco trade paper now admits my main contention.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

A recent issue of "The Tobacco Leaf" says, editorially, under a caption of "Heading Off the Mail Order Evil": "How many retailers realize how important it is for them to fight the mail order houses in every possible way? Do you know that if the retailers of this country do not stop the growth of the mail order houses that they will eventually do almost all the retail business of the country, and there will be no need of retailers or even wholesalers?" This must mean me. (The editorial then goes on to suggest to the cigar dealers of the country that they fight the mail order evil, not on price or quality but by an organized opposition to the passage of a parcels post bill, as practically all the advantage of such a bill, it asserts, is for the mail order business.)

I am glad to note, too, that "The Tobacco Leaf" editorial does not contradict my statement that I can give better cigar values than the retailer, and parcels post or no parcels post, I can continue to pay expressage on my customers' orders, because my preponderance of repeat orders cuts out practically all selling expense for me. Now since, as you know, "where there is smoke there must be fire," do you not believe it would be worth your while to investigate this factory-to-smoker plan of mine which is causing so much solicitude to "the trade"? Make a trial of my Panatelas at my risk, as per offer below

MY OFFER IS:—I will send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense and no charge for those smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he is to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

The fillers of these cigars are Clear Havana, of good quality—not only clear, but long, clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings are used. They are hand made by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Violin Music Given

To introduce our New Violin Catalog and **SPECIAL VIOLIN OFFER** we [illegible] 24 pieces of copyright music, [illegible], printed on fine paper [illegible] illustrated [illegible] Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Musical [illegible] [illegible]

E. T. ROOT & SONS
62 Patten Building (Established 1857) CHICAGO

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

THERE is always close competition in the dairy business, and drivers are constantly on the lookout for new trade. When a family moves in from some other city, or from one side to the other of a city, they usually have to change dairymen. The one who first solicits their trade is the one who stands first chance, but no one thinks of getting the trade until he sees the vans unloading, and the one who happens to stumble on to them ahead of the others is the lucky man.

It occurred to me to see the transfer people, for the vans are engaged at least a week ahead of moving time. I found that the date of moving was recorded along with the old and the new address. Then I had only to watch the books for people moving into my territory, and so solicit their trade before they moved.

Now the other drivers wonder why everybody that moves in has already engaged me as a milkman. —B. S.

Where Angels Fear to Tread

MANY years ago a railroad company had in its employ, in a subordinate position, a young man whom we would now call a "hustler." His associates all conceded that he was "smart," and this natural "smartness" he increased by working out for himself after hours some of the problems that confronted the company.

After a short time he exhausted all the material at hand, so he began looking around for something to occupy him in his spare time. As he was searching for trouble, he found it. Certain points in the management of the ticket-office seemed wrong to him, although those very points were the ones the president of the railroad had advised.

At the first opportunity that came to him he disclosed these defects to that official.

"Young man, you are wrong," interposed the president.

"Oh, no, sir. It is you who are wrong," said the "smart" young man. "And I will prove it to you."

The whole matter was of minor importance, but, true to his word, the youngster set about collecting evidence, working every night. After a week of this diligent labor, the president happened to come into the office again. With a beaming smile, the young man went to him, and, after a short, decisive talk, disclosed the great man's errors concerning the ticket-offices.

The president looked him over, and then answered slowly: "You are right. You are a bright boy. But after to-day your services will not be required in this company. It wouldn't do for an assistant manager to know more than the president."

Unexpected Results

WHEN I first came to Chicago I entered a partnership with an old school friend to take charge of a magazine-subscription agency. One of our advertising schemes was to mail circulars to a large number of prospective customers; consequently we placed in a daily paper an advertisement for girls to address envelopes. "Only those who can write rapidly need apply," the advertisement read. We provided a table and placed upon it pen, ink, envelopes and an address-book, and as fast as girls applied for work in answer to our advertisement they were told that we wished to test their ability as to legibility and speed. They were given five minutes in which to see how many envelopes they could address, using the names and addresses in the book we provided. They addressed the last envelope to themselves to be used to notify them should we decide later to employ them as a result of the test.

We expected that a half-dozen girls might apply and we would hire the one who gave best showing from test, but we made an error in judgment when we provided but one table to accommodate the applicants, and other tables were added as needed, until we had six. When we

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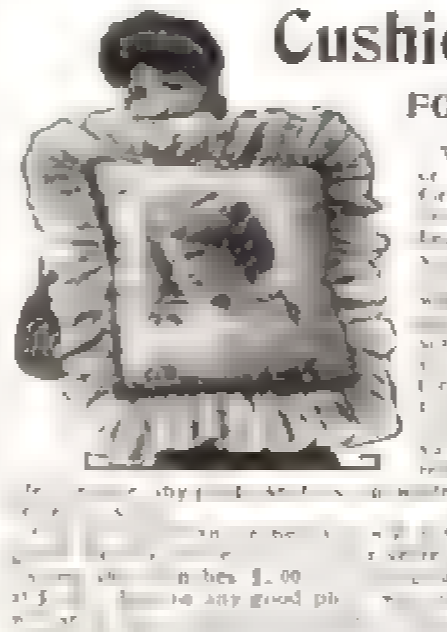

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Millions for Charity

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York is [illegible] journal whose whole history for the last fif[illegible] has been a remarkable record [illegible] journal in the world, and its army of [illegible] [corre]spondents includes missionaries, [illegible], famous authors, and men and women prominent in all habitable lands. For a [dec]ade and a half it has been the acknowledged channel through which benevolently-disposed Americans have distributed alms and relief in those countries that have come under the harrow of affliction and widespread suffering, through plague, fa[illegible] or other cause.

* * *

In [illegible] steamer *Leo* to K[illegible] with [illegible] medicines for the peasant sufferers in sixteen fam[illegible] [prov]inces. This charity was the means of saving thousands of lives. Similar relief [illegible] were undertaken to Ar[illegible], when many American missionaries and officials cooperated; to Cuba (1898), when Dr. Klopsch, its proprietor, was appointed by President McKinley as a member of the Government Commission for the relief of the starving reconcentrados, and when he again did personal work in the field; to India (1897 and 1900), when the readers of the paper contributed so liberally that two steamships, the *City of Everett* and the *Quito*, were loaded with breadstuffs and dispatched to India, resulting in an immense saving of human lives during the great famine; to China (1901), [illegible] to [illegible] Sweden (1903), when America's gifts saved thousands of the starving Finns, Lapps and Swedes—a work which received the warmest recognition from the King and royal princes of Norway and Sweden.

* * *

More [illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with [illegible] readers, forwarded the [illegible] United States Consul General McWade at Canton [illegible] with food and medicines for the famine sufferers of Kwangsi province. For the last five years its readers have supported 5,000 orphans in India, training and educating them to Christian manhood and womanhood. It is now doing a similar benevolent work among the orphan children of China and Africa.

* * *

Its benevolences, however, have not been wholly expended in other lands than our own. During the terrible winter of 1895, when over 100,000 men were idle in New York, and their families suffering [illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] to the rescue of the stricken farmers of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, to whom it sent trainloads of coal, food and clothing, besides distributing a large relief fund through Home Missionaries and State Relief Committees. In 1900 it sent help to the sufferers at Galveston, Texas, who were imperiled by the great flood of that year; and in 1903 it gave similar aid to those who had suffered through the inundations at Kansas City, Topeka and other places.

* * *

For over ten years past THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has maintained the Bowery Mission in New York, known as "the place where [illegible] men straight," which, besides giving the Gospel message to over 200,000 souls annually, has served, every winter morning, free breakfasts to over one thousand homeless men, forming its [illegible] **Midnight Bread Line.** Its Free Labor Bureau has provided work for thousands of the worthy poor. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn-on-the-Hudson, in twelve years, has sheltered and cared for nearly 26,000 boys and girls, poor child waifs of the New York tenements, an average of 2,200 every summer.

* * *

In these fifteen years THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its proprietor, with the cooperation of its [illegible] readers, has expended in various charities and benevolences [illegible] total of over [illegible] dollars. It is read every week by [illegible] million persons, and it is a mighty and ever-increasing influence for good on the times in which we live.

* * *

The above appeared in the *National Temperance Year Book* for 1906. Since then, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in response to a public appeal by the President, presented to its readers the cause of the Famine Sufferers in the Northern Provinces of Japan, and raised within a very few weeks the enormous total of $250,000. In recognition of this remarkable achievement, **President Roosevelt** sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a telegram, in which he says: "Let me heartily thank you . . . for the admirable work done in connection with the famine sufferers in Japan [illegible]. You have rendered a very real service to humanity and to the cause of international good will."

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had a girl at each of six tables and more in waiting, we began to see a new and amusing side to the circumstance. We saw that our applicants, before being hired, would direct a nearly sufficient number of envelopes for all the circulars that we intended to send out as our first trial.

We did not inaugurate this plan for the purpose of getting labor free, but the novelty appealed to us after we saw the amusing side, and since we began innocently, we continued seriously and turned none away until, to those who applied late in the day, we could honestly say: "We have sufficient help."

—*C. B. F.*

The Keen Eye

AMONG the various machines used in the grist-mills of the United States there is none with a more interesting history than the bran-duster. Bran, as most people know, is composed of pieces of the outer, woodlike shell of the kernel of wheat. In Graham flour the bran is not removed; in making fine flour the bran is sifted out. A number of years ago, when the process of making flour had not been developed to its present state, a young man named W. W. Huntley, living in Silver Creek, New York, observed that nearly every tiny particle of bran, in a lot that he was examining, had a speck of flour sticking tight to it. That is to say, when the kernel had been ground and broken up, some of the interior of the kernel adhered to the pieces of the outer shell, and the sifting process had failed to separate this flour substance from the bits of shell.

Although bran was in demand for stockfeed (it sells for twenty dollars or more a ton, even now), Huntley saw that, if the flour in the bran could be separated and saved, it would sell for far more than the bran. He therefore determined to invent a machine that would accomplish this work. Various forms of sifters were tried, including some that were made of perforated metal plates, but they all failed to remove the flour, no matter how hard he shook the bran in them. Then he tried rubbing the bran over a perforated plate of metal, using his hand to press the bran against the plate. This plan worked. The edges of the perforations cut the flour from the bran, and the flour then passed through the perforations and was secured unmixed with the woody shell of the kernel. On substituting a stiff brush for the hand the invention was, in principle, completed, and it took form as a vertical cylinder of perforated sheet metal for a sieve, with a cylindrical brush revolving within it. The bran was fed in between the brush and the sieve, the brush rubbed it against the sieve, and the flour was scraped off.

A trial machine, set up in the village mill, worked even better than the young inventor had hoped; it saved more flour than he had expected, and he secured his patents, and bought material for more machines. He also sent circulars describing his machine to all the mills about.

But when the young man went to the post-office, hoping to find a box full of orders from delighted owners of grist-mills, he got one letter only. It was from a facetious miller who jeered him for trying to ruin the bran of the country.

That letter roused Huntley's fighting blood. With some circulars in his pocket, he went to the largest mill within easy reach and asked the owners to try his machine. In reply, the millers, seeing that he was an earnest young man, remonstrated with him for wasting time and talents.

"It can't save enough flour to pay interest on the price, and if it could there would be no sale for the lean bran," said one.

To this Huntley replied: "Gentlemen, I am no good at arguing, but if you'll let me I'll bring a bran-duster here and set it up. You are to run all your bran through it, if it works as I say, and you are to send me the flour you save during ninety days. I'll take that flour as pay in full. If, at the end of thirty days, you would rather send me a check for $150 instead of the flour, I'll take that. If the machine doesn't work, I'll take it away and pay you for all the trouble I make."

The millers accepted the offer. Thirty days later they sent a check instead of the flour, for they had learned that the flour that could be saved in ninety days would be worth a much greater sum. Mr. Huntley died at his home in Silver Creek, several years ago, leaving a fine fortune, the foundation of which was laid in the bran-duster.

—*J. R. S.*

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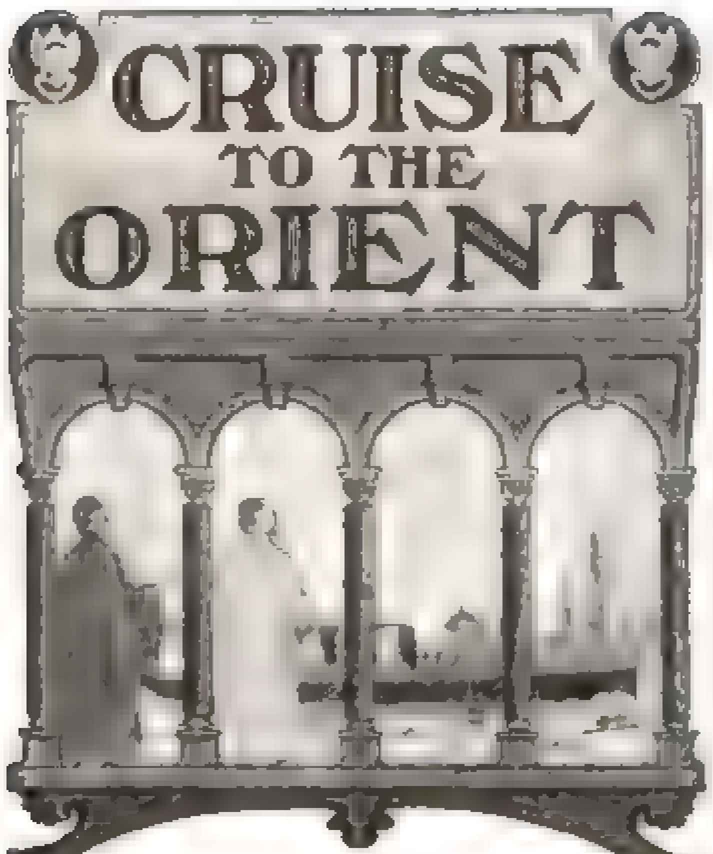

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PLAYER FOLK

The Londoners' Wash-Line

MADGE LESSING bitterly complains of the lack of bathing facilities in England. When she went to London to appear in Drury Lane pantomime she put up at the Carlton Hotel, then the latest and most sumptuous of all British hostelries. The best apartments, as it happened, were all occupied, so she was obliged to take a room without a bath. For six days, she says, she got on very well with the general bathroom, which was near her door, and which was as silent and forsaken as an empty theatre. On Sunday morning she slipped out of her door as usual. "And what do you think I found?" she says. "There they were, a whole double queue of Britishers waiting for their weekly tub, in a bread line."

The Great British Bath

ACCORDING to Elizabeth Tyree, the Englishman's tubbing is the most imaginatious of Anglo-Saxon myths. In the Middle Ages the royal ablution was such a function that the most distinguished knightly order was that of the bath. Nowadays, the Briton, when he goes on his travels, hoists a leather-covered splash basin on top of his cab as the final and most distinguished emblem of gentility. But the fact that it is necessary is the plainest of evidence that the places he frequents are deficient in plumbing. It is a matter of historical record, vouched for by no less an authority than Dr. Birkbeck Hill, that in the middle of the nineteenth century an Oxford scout, or servant, appealed to the master of the college against an undergraduate who insisted on having a tin of water brought every morning for his toilet; and to-day in the whole university there is only one bathtub with running water.

Once, while playing in London, Miss Tyree met a nobleman at a theatrical supper who undertook to entertain her by making trans-Atlantic comparisons. "Isn't it a fact," he said, "that in America you bathe less than we do here?" "Perhaps," answered Miss Tyree; "at any rate, a bath is not an event with us; we certainly talk about it less."

The Mouse and the Manager

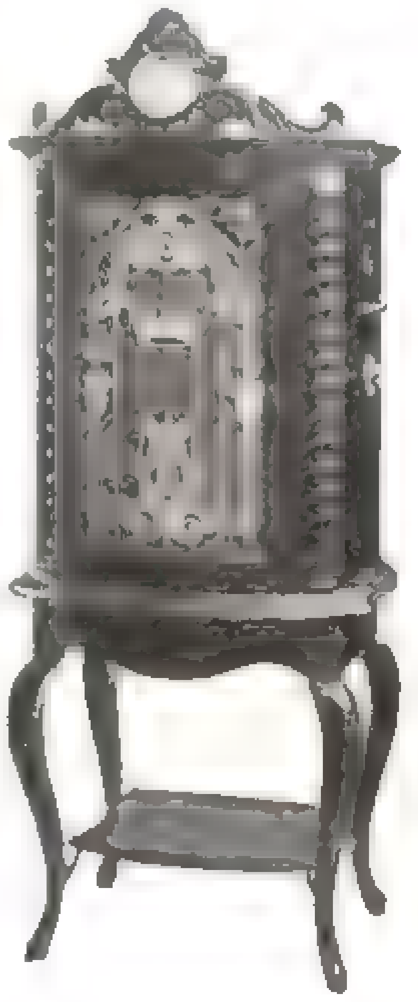
IT IS seldom that the whirligig of time brings about as sudden and complete a revenge as it brought Charles Klein in the case of The Lion and the Mouse. He wrote the play under contract with his old friend, Daniel Frohman, who paid him the usual five hundred dollars down and agreed to pay five hundred more on delivery of the manuscript. While Mr. Klein was reading the play, Mr. Frohman sat in silence. When he finished, the manager wrote his check and said, "Take this, Charley, and take your manuscript. I have read many a bad play, but without exception this is the worst I have ever known an experienced playwright to be guilty of."

Mr. Klein still believed in his work, and arranged for its production with one of the minor managers, himself sharing in the venture. Mr. Frohman, left without a piece for his playhouse, The Lyceum, rented it to the two. The play has proved almost as sensational a success as The Music Master, not only in New York, but in other cities at the same time. Though a strong and serious drama, it ran an entire summer on Broadway, through heat and humidity that banished all but a few even of the musical shows. Mr. Frohman, meanwhile, is the unwilling witness of a small fortune flowing out of his box-office into other pockets.

His Own Petard

THE strife of the mendacious theatrical press agent and the skeptical news-editor is as keen as that which the makers of projectiles are carrying on with the makers of armor-plate, and it has likewise resulted in the use of explosives that are sometimes more dangerous to those who employ them than to those against whom they are directed.

William Vaughn Moody, the latest and,



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on the whole, the most promising of the younger American playwrights, came very near to seeing his first piece sunk under him by its own dynamite.

A professor of English, and perhaps the foremost American poet of the present generation, he is ill equipped to cope with the wiles of the managerial staff. Miss Margaret Anglin gave his play, then called The Sabine Woman, a trying out last spring in Chicago. Though an impromptu performance, and inadequately rehearsed, it went very well for two acts. Then there was a pause which kept the audience waiting almost an hour. Author and actor had made a gentleman's agreement as to terms; but the management, ever on the lookout for a sensation, stopped the performance until an iron-clad agreement could be drawn up and signed. The result was that the audience was exasperated and the actors thrown out of the mood of the play. A performance that had begun well ended lamely.

The press agent came very near being hoist by his own petard. It did not help matters that in the published accounts of the contretemps it was made to appear that the dispute was between Miss Anglin and Mr. Moody, who were, in point of fact, unwilling companions in misery. The play, however, proved strong enough to survive the ordeal, and, under the title of The Great Divide, lately received an adequate and successful production in Broadway.

The Strawman Unpadded

THE strawman is no more—for good if not for always. When Fred Stone was asked how he felt in appearing before the public with no grass-stuffed football about his head and no wisps of hay sticking from the rips in his pantaloons, his lanky limbs collapsed in the old manner and he answered. "I'm so *ner*-vous!" He had, in fact, good reason to be. What Humpty Dumpty was to a past generation of play-going children, The Wizard of Oz was becoming to this; and the public, whether of children or of grownups, is apt to resent any change in its old favorites.

Before the curtain of The Red Mill had been up half an hour, however, it was evident that he was a comedian of versatility, and almost as amusing in his own person as in that wonderful make-up of the scarecrow. It must have surprised the audience to find him as erect and handsome as he had previously appeared limp and grotesque.

In the new play he and his old side-partner Montgomery—the Tin-Wood Man—are a couple of every-day American travelers in Holland. At first they are just themselves. By-and-by, as the plot develops, Stone dons the uniform of an interpreter whose business it is to relate the legends of the red mill in seven languages—a feat which, as his wily tongue is the English of Broadway, gives occasion for some very funny situations. Then the two become a pair of Italian organ-grinders with a monkey, and by-and-by, in the interests of the plot, they give a burlesque of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. Of all the comedians who have made fun of Mr. Gillette in this part, Mr. Stone is the most amusing.

There are times when the only difference between the two is that Mr. Stone is a trifle taller and lanker, and very much funnier.

Finally Montgomery and Stone gave a burlesque of a couple of Bowery lads fighting over their best girls. And here Mr. Stone displayed his powers as an acrobatic comedian in a measure which the strawman never exceeded, or in fact equaled, for when he finally received the knock-out blow and, after pirouetting a moment on his left ear, fell flat on the stage, he was so exhausted that he actually could not respond to the thunderous applause with an encore.

Decidedly, Mr. Stone has said good-by to the strawman for good. His new play shows him as one of the most versatile as well as the most delightful comedians of the musical stage. But it is the best of news that he intends as occasion offers to return to his old friends, the pigskin and the hay. Even in the present show there are moments of touch and go when he suggests the scarecrow. Once, at the end of an encore, he slid off the stage with the old refrain of "Effa-seefa-loffa-soffa-soffa-loffa-dill."

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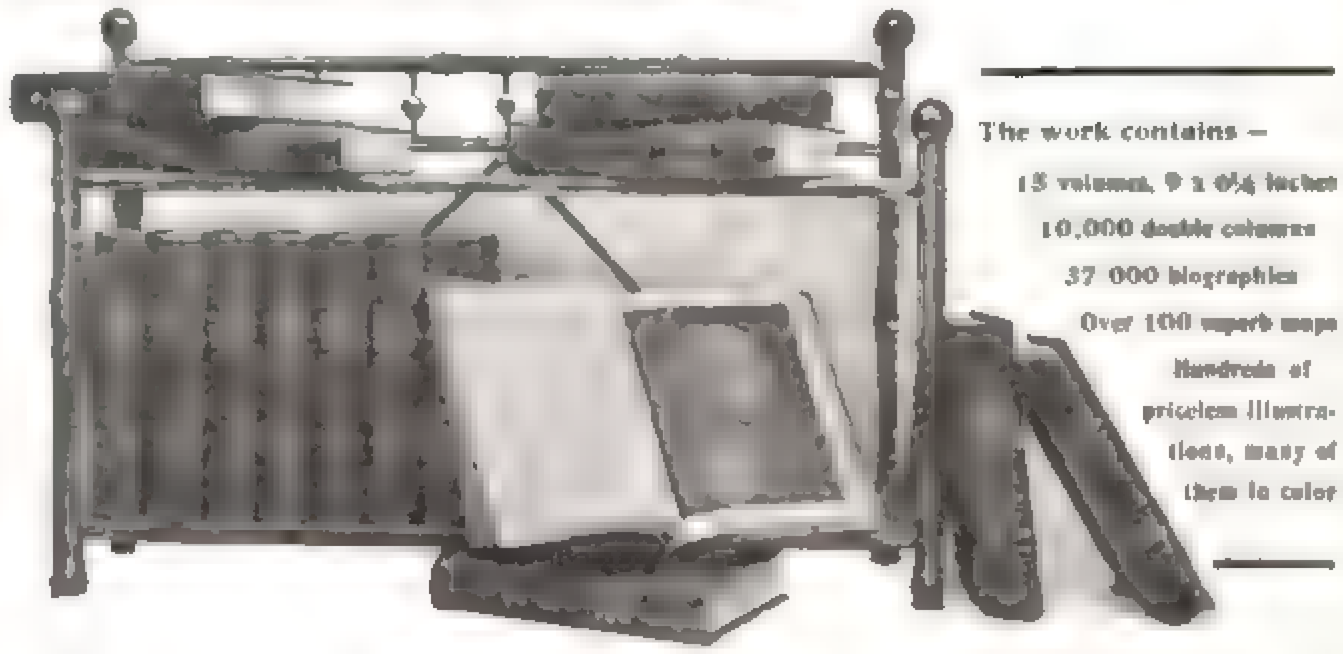

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PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

(Concluded from Page 11)

a man as the Admirable Crichton — excellent in all things, and not dubious of himself in anything — can ride roughshod over everybody, and take exemplary care of his own comfort. Men of slighter equipment and less self-assurance are constrained to circumspection. McCullough, once thoroughly embarked on the rising tide of histrionic popularity, had fixed his eyes on the point of highest eminence, and he esteemed it a necessity of his position to win the good will of every individual that came near him, if kindness could win it. In that respect he differed widely from Edwin Booth, who became like a marble statue upon the advent of a stranger; and likewise he differed widely from his great exemplar, Forrest, who disliked strangers and was apt to be surly toward them. McCullough, for instance, told me that, on a night when Forrest and himself were sitting together in a Philadelphia railway station, waiting for a train, another traveler, aware of the famous tragedian's identity, was observed to be gazing on him with absorbed attention; whereupon the gruff old actor irritably inquired:

"Sir, do I *owe* you anything?"

"No, Mr. Forrest," answered the stranger "and I'll take good care that you never *do!*"

McCullough would have made no such error. He had his failings: they were the failings that are annually condoned, if not celebrated, on every twenty-fifth day of January, by every Caledonian Club in the world, doing honor to the immortal memory of Robert Burns. Let them sleep in death. Misanthropy was not one of them.

In my personal experience of the last days of McCullough the incidents were strange and sad. I recall a night when, in London, I drove with him, in a hansom cab, from Cromwell Road to the Bristol Hotel, and when, having been entirely himself for several hours, he suddenly became quite insane, rolling his eyes from side to side, and gazing at me, now furtively and now openly with an indescribable expression of menace — like the look of a tiger.

I call to mind our last interview. I was walking one morning in Broadway, New York, with the brilliant Steele Mackaye, when suddenly I received a heavy blow on the shoulder and turning saw McCullough, who had struck at us with his cane to attract our attention. We asked him to go with us, and presently we were seated at a table in Delmonico's old restaurant, at Twenty-sixth Street. He had a lucid interval and thought of the past, and, looking at me earnestly, while the tears slowly filled his eyes, he warned me against waste of time and talent, and asked me always to remember that he was my friend. It was only for a few moments that this mood lasted, and then the light faded from his face and he was strange again — murmuring, as he rose and walked away, the last words I ever heard him speak:

"Old and wretched; old and wretched; old and wretched!"

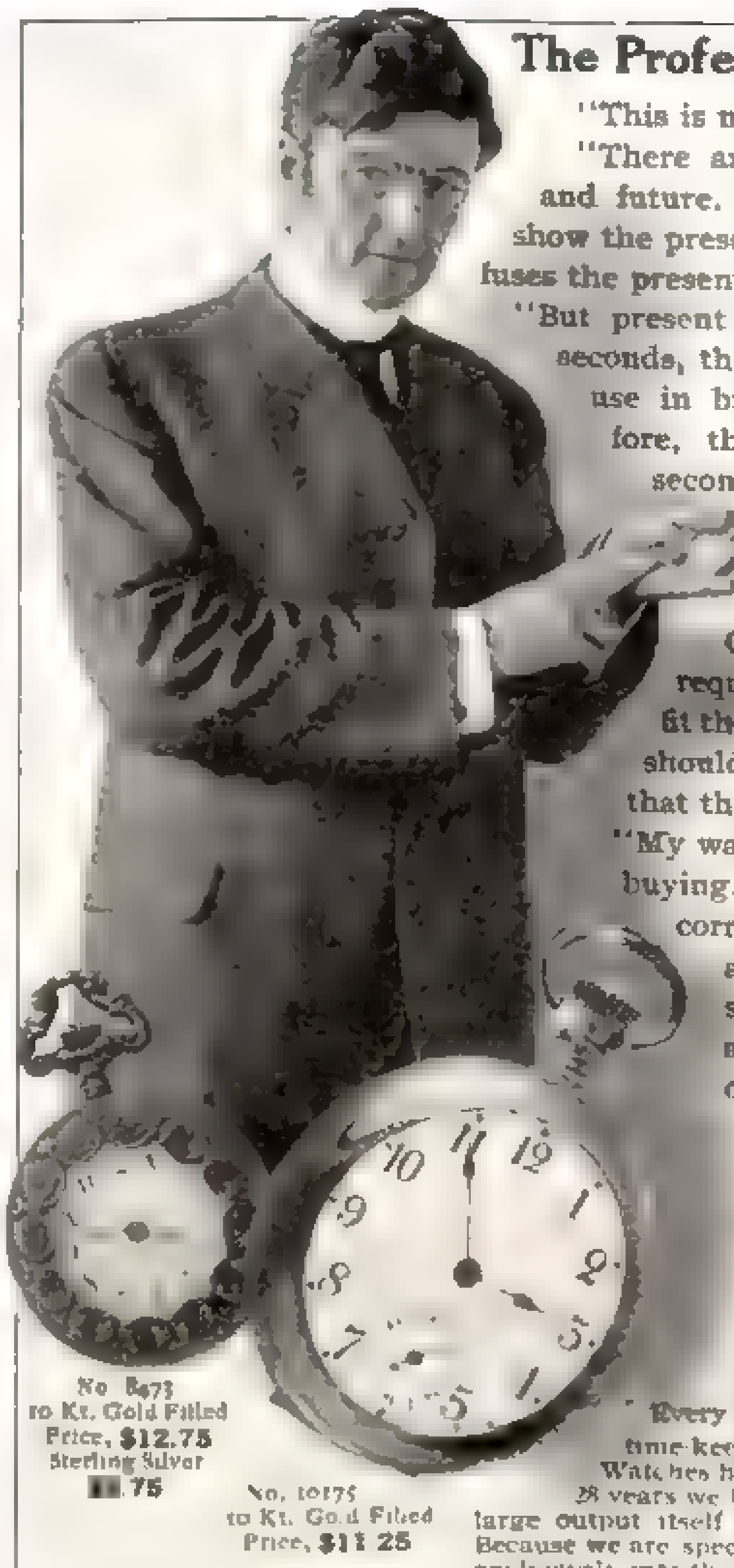
The last time that I ever looked on McCullough in life he was stretched upon a bed, in a dimly-lighted room, in a lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale. The door had been slowly and carefully opened by one of the attendant keepers, and I was permitted to enter the presence of the dying tragedian. He was fully, though carelessly dressed. He was in a deep slumber — limp, flaccid, helpless; the mere shattered remnant of what had once been manly strength.

"Shall I wake him?" asked the attendant.

"No," I said; "don't wake him."

There was a solemn silence. The sleeper did not move. His head was resting on his clenched right hand. His face was pale, ghastly, and a little streaked with blood. He had fallen that morning (so the keeper said) in a corridor, where patients were allowed to walk, and so had cut and bruised himself. His left arm, listlessly extended, the hand partly closed, seemed strangely expressive of forlorn, piteous weakness.

The next time I saw him he was in his coffin, and his noble face, sweetly placid and grandly dignified, was, as I shall always think of it, tranquil with the peace of God.



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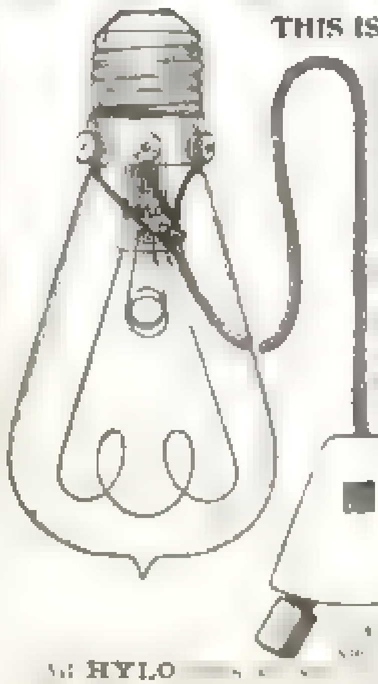

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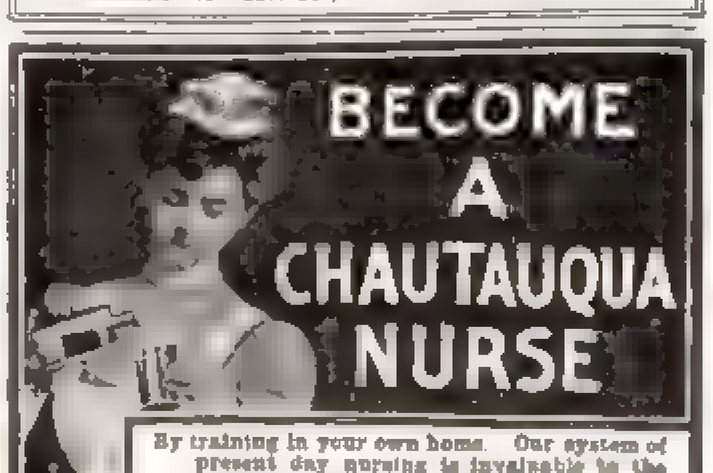

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SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 15)

be easier to arouse interest in railroads after mines than in railroads after automobiles.

"I'll tell you what I don't want to do, and that is, monkey with the stock-market. I'd rather start at something—easier." Sam barely caught himself at the point of saying "decent."

"How about the railroad end of it, Sammy?" Sampson Rock in Sam's place would have begun his education then and there. The consciousness of this made Sampson Rock look at his son with a curious hopefulness in his eyes.

"I'd rather do that," answered Sam with an absence of enthusiasm that more than his words replied to Rock's hopes, "than be watching the ticker all day and trying to think it wasn't a horse-race. But it seems to me," he finished with decision, "that I ought to know more about your business than I do, no matter what I may go into later. If I have any questions to ask, now is my time, when you can answer them. No matter how disappointed you may be, Dad, it stands to reason that if I don't like the business I'll never succeed at it. If I like it after I understand it better, you can do your worst in the educational line. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Do you mean it, Sam?" In his earnestness Rock was frowning.

"Yes," answered Sam.

Rock in an utterly matter-of-fact tone said: "Very well. You'll stay with me in the office a little while and learn by absorption as well as by long lectures. It's slow, but sure." Without the gift of patience, even when patience was torture, Sampson Rock never would have become Sampson Rock. He took his big, strong son's arm in his and finished kindly: "There are many ways in which you can help me."

Sam thought his father had spoken kindly in the belief that, being young and ignorant of business affairs, Sam needed encouragement. He said nothing. After a moment Rock spoke:

"My boy, I'll find some work for you that won't be a bore and ——"

"Never mind about the bore," interrupted Sam, confirmed in his suspicions; "the thing is to learn. I'd like to do something useful, but also congenial, so that ——"

"I understand," in turn interrupted Rock. "I can't ask any more of you. To me, of course, my work is interesting enough and I think it will be to you. But let me tell you one thing, Sam: whatever you go into, you must first see your way to the very end, not only that you may be sure to get there, but so that you may have no illusions about being a human automobile. You have the sense not to want to be a Napoleon of Finance, for you know so little about the stock-market that if you went into it you'd be gambling. That's stupid. You need neither the money nor the excitement. I'd rather you went in for art or for collecting postage-stamps."

"The ticker game is a form of coin-collecting, isn't it?" Sam smiled, but his father shook his head a trifle impatiently.

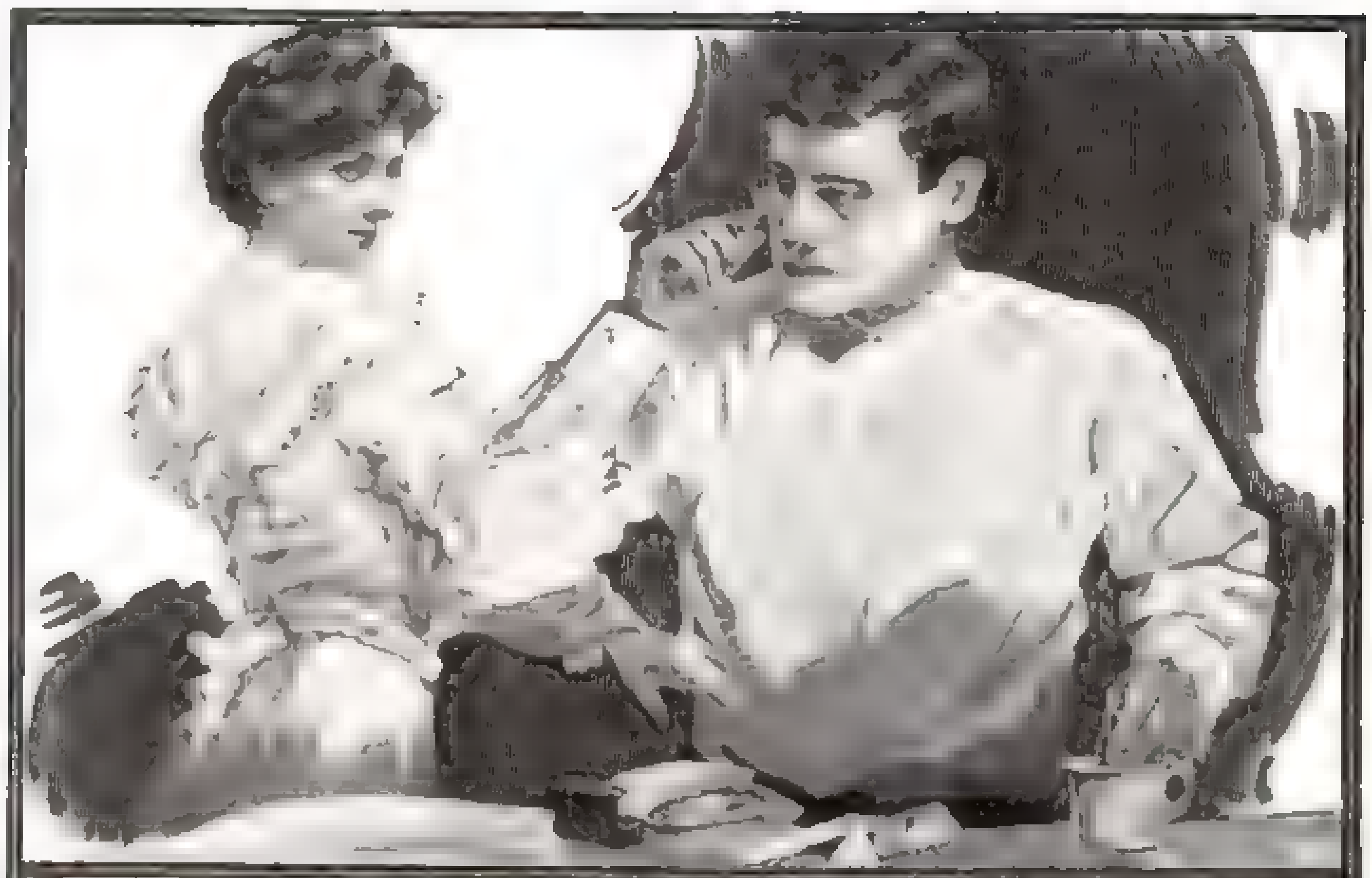
"The ticker game is an incident. You must read up on the theory of Exchanges ——"

"And you'll tell me the practice."

"Yes. The papers talk about the stock-gambling. As a matter of fact, the one great trouble with people in this country is not that they wish to get rich, but that they wish to get rich quickly. Of all desires that is the worst, though it's useful enough in Wall Street, when others have it. The man who wants something for nothing, that wants a comfortable leisure without the uncomfortable earning of it, is bound to have his price. When the mob that hangs around a ticker has it, it pays the intelligent capitalists' price, and, after paying, the mob shouts 'Thieves!' The philosophy of it is as plain as the nose on your face, and you can reckon on the desires of the mob with as much certainty as on the law of gravitation. Yes, Sam."

"So I had thought," said Sam dryly.

"I'm not defending either the loser or the winner. I'm showing you the stupidity of the loser. The principle is the same in



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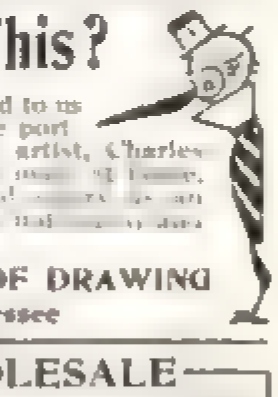

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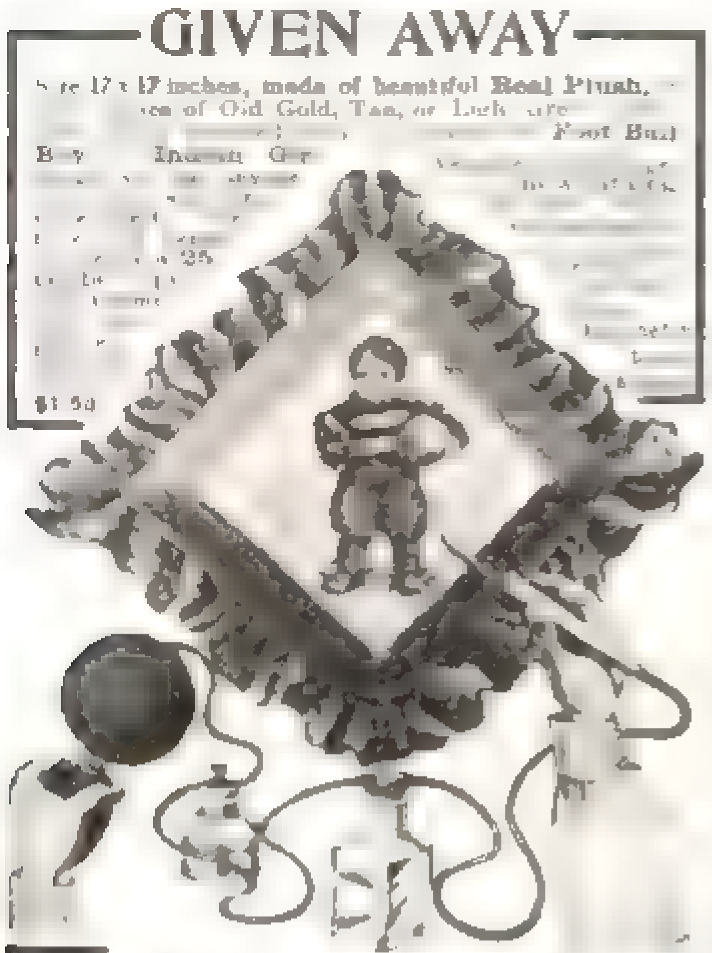

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a man who wants to do it all in a minute, and *that* is what you might want to do. The work may be worth doing, but it must be done well; and undue haste may make it unintelligent work; and that is dishonest work. It's like those asses who put up cheap tenements that collapse. The cheapness of the material not only is criminal but it is expensive, which is stupid. You must give the mortar time to dry. It is our national failing. Personally," he said this with a quizzical smile, as if he thought the confession would please the boy, "I prefer the dashes to the slow plodding, for, after all, a man only lives when he is doing something, doing it well and doing it quickly in order to do much before he dies. But if you use your brain you will learn that there is a time to walk and a time to sprint, and why this is so and how it averages up pretty well in the end. Also, that you are not the only man on the job, and that it is almost as bad to be too far ahead as too far behind. Patience is the hardest thing to learn, but it pays, Sam; it pays because so few people in this country like to exercise it. By patience, I don't mean laziness. You understand?"

"Yes," said Sam. "You didn't have to use words of one syllable. I realize all that."

"No, my boy, you don't. You can't. No man does, at your age, with your temperament and your habit of life. You've never had to weigh the consequences of over-impulsiveness and you must learn to do it habitually. You haven't begun to learn; but I'll remind you of it whenever I see you forgetting it. A stupid man can recognize abstract wisdom at a glance. It's like a shoe; you know that with leather, thread, a few nails and some buttons a pair of shoes may be made. To make the shoes, that is not so easy. To stop generalities: you start working for me, which means that you start working for yourself, because you are my only son. You therefore begin by what most men hope to end. Your care must be to eliminate the only possibility of failure that there could be for you if I died to-morrow and you wished to take up my work where I left off. The only way you can do it is by making sure you know what you want. That is why you must take your time now and not later. If you know what you want and you work for it and for nothing else, and you love the work while you are doing it so that you can't help doing it well because it would make you unhappy to bungle, you will get what you're after as sure as fate. Making money is nothing; it's easy; any fool can make money at times. But that only means so many pounds of gold, and it's permanent work that counts; something done, completed. Why, my boy, the only terror that Death really has is the thought of leaving something unfinished. It's like setting your heart on training your son for something and dying when he is two years old." Sampson Rock's frown relaxed and he finished with a smile: "That sounds kind of highfalutin' and long-winded, eh, Sammy?"

"No," said Sam shortly. "I can stand more."

"Well, it's really so. Just think a minute. Everybody nowadays wants money; each man for what it means, what it can do for him. But only an utter ass would deny that health is much more than money. Yet, while the average man has good health he forgets he has what's better than money and he thinks only of what he hasn't. If you are doing big work you know that it is the work itself that gives you the greatest pleasure and not the money there may be in it; but you also may forget it. I don't want you to forget the joy of the work nor the money of it, but you must never measure results exclusively by dollars. If the work you are doing is good the dollars will come to you in such a way that you'll have to lock the door of the safe if you don't want them to walk right in. Sure as fate, Sam."

Sam answered nothing. He was certain his father was speaking from his heart as well as from the fullness of his wisdom. For doing good work tools were needed. Money was tools. The more money the more tools; the more tools the more work. The work itself, that was what interested Sampson Rock. It was what also interested Sam. And yet, there was poor Tuttle's stock, that had precipitated their heated speeches at the office. Sam knew that the burden of Sampson Rock's argument was that the end justified the means; the

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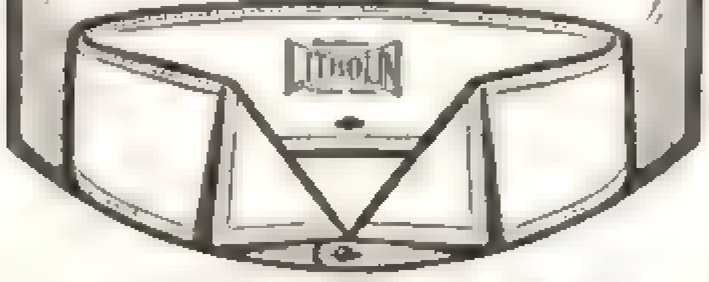

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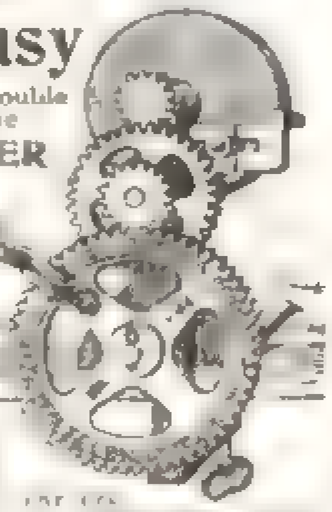

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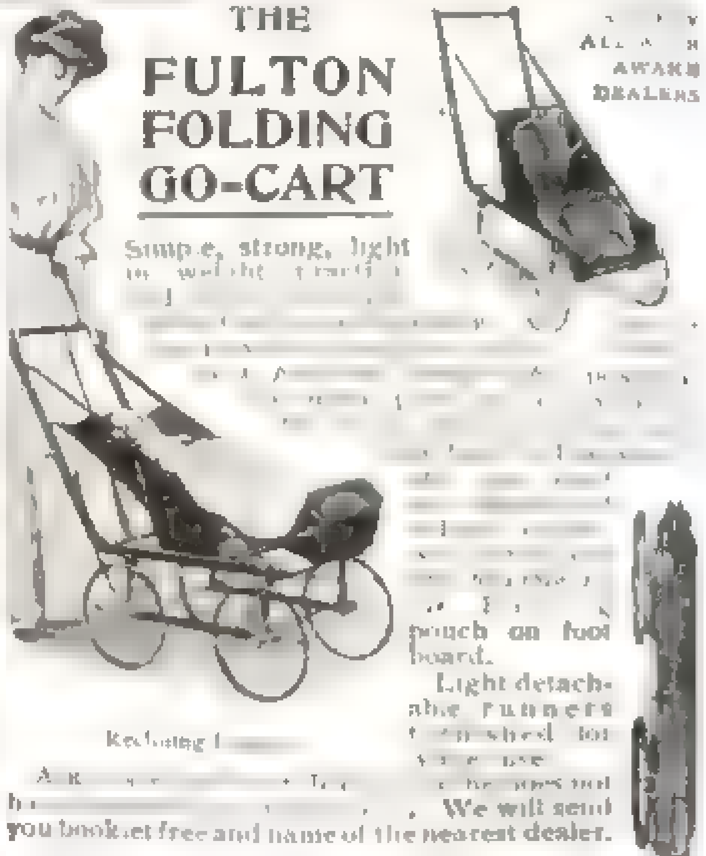

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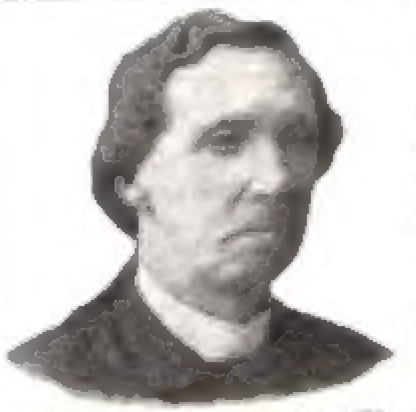

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greatest welfare of the greatest number; ethics placed on a mathematical basis, with here and there a dollar-sign. It was all a matter of the point of view and Sam was certain his own was not the Wall Street point of view. He wanted to learn how to do good work without changing his point of view. From the fullness of knowledge would come intelligent decision.

They had reached their house, the last silence unbroken.

"I'm going straight to bed, Sammy," said Sampson Rock. "I must be downtown early to-morrow."

"Me, too," remarked Sampson Rock, Jr.

For the first time in their lives Sampson Rock and his son, by an impulse which came to both simultaneously, shook hands as they said good-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In Time of Need

(Continued from Page 9)

He had come to see Wallingham in his true light, and to realize that "Miss Livingston" needed a protector.

Wallingham saw him shouldering forward, four or five behind him in the push, just as the gate had opened. Only at the sight of him he tried to lift his cane.

"I wish to speak to you!" called Beamer, breathing thickly.

"*What?—What!!*—Even at *this* hour?—Go to *Halifax*, sir, go to *Halifax!* I'll give you a chance to speak to me to-morrow!"

Infatuated by the call of honor, the pursuer pressed closer. "It is my duty as a man to speak to you *now!*"

The young lady in the case, being a damsel of intuition, let herself go hurriedly with the crowd.

Not so her escort. "Beamer, I—I warn you that I'm still controlling myself! I am still controlling myself!"

Beamer still came on. His voice shook with solemnity.

"Wallingham, I ask you only this: Can you look me in the eyes?"

"Heavens and earth!" Mossop J. bawled and blocked the gate. "Let me only get back to you, and I'll *paste* you in them!"

A policeman was pushing indignantly in to them. "Thot'll be about ah! for *youse* now—thot'll be about ah! If ye want to shcrap, go on around behind where I can't see ye. I got no time to be botherin' with youse here!"

"I have no desire to fight," shouted Beamer, with tremulous virtue. "But I wish it to be known, and publicly known, that ——"

"Ah, cut it out! Cut it out!" cried the coarse-voiced gateman, and pulled Wallingham the whole way through.

Mossop J. had a desire to fight. He was weeping for combat. He was beating his head for it. His hat had fallen off, and he jumped up and down upon it. He measured the height of the grill to see if he might not be able to climb over. For the first time in his respectable life he savored what joy could lie in getting his opponent down and goring him, in choking him till his tongue stuck out—in chewing upon his ear. And now, the gate had closed and every moment the policeman was thrusting Beamer farther and farther beyond his reach.

"All right!" he screeched in a falsetto, and shook the bars. "All right! I can get you in the morning!"

V

BUT Wallingham did not show himself at the office next morning, nor the morning after. Neither did the new stenographer.

And when that aberrating second partner did make his appearance three days later, as it chanced his associates were holding a kind of random conference of the powers. Even "Young Beau" and Joseph Jones had honored it with their fortuitous attendance.

They were not, it need hardly be said, talking about "Miss Georgina Livingston."

But Mossop J. had that within him which took it for granted that they were.

"Miss Livingston has not appeared," he said, "and will not appear again, for the best of reasons. She is—is now my wife. We have taken a p-place at Montclair."

What followed could not be called an "absolute silence," for from the "corridor" at the end of the hall there came very audibly down to them the sound of six

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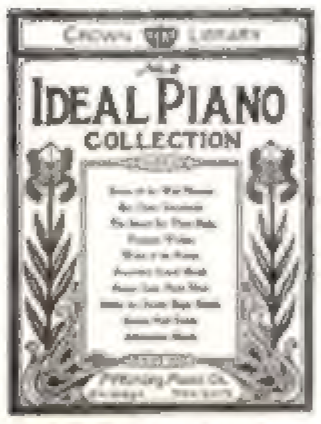

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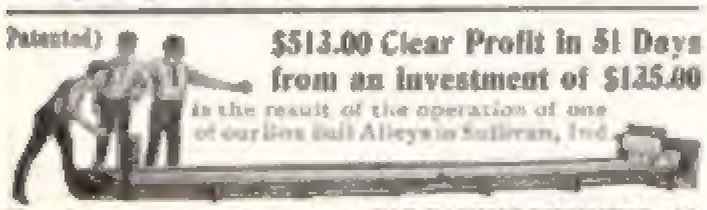

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typewriters—or rather five. . . . But it had all the effect of an "absolute silence."

"Young Beau" broke it: "And only two days since he got back from Chicago!—Fade, Beamer, fade! *You*'re no eighteen-hour traveler! It was the Reubenville Accommodation *you* were on! You lacked insight, and mistook Mossy's class!"

"*Hah-h-h!*" exhaled Joseph Jones; "*Hah-h-h!* Well—well, *I*'ll never smile again! But no matter. I was never a marrying man, anyway! She's made a horrible mistake though, Moss, and you can't blind yourself to it—she's made a horrible mistake!"

"Well, Wallingham, you've certainly hit us in the pinny!" Talbot Smith spoke next. "But you've done mighty well! Here's *my* handful of congratulations. And it's about the only time in my life that I haven't felt like offering them with the *left* hand!"

The Colonel was also offering his.

"Moss," he said, "I know women. I know 'em well! If she has any more little sisters at home like her, say so now, and I'll go right on over with you to-night!"

Wallingham had come to New York that morning with no mere chip on his shoulder. He had been carrying a whole cordwood-stick, with knots on it. And he had purposed to go to work therewith, at the first challenge, murderously and with intent to kill.

But now! After this chorus, so genuine, so unanimous—above all so *envious*—working up through the deep-brown roots of his being like the sweet entering in of spring at the end of March, he was conscious of feeling a pride—a *new* pride—in Georgina, himself!

"I'm to be congratulated," he said; "I—I won't deny it. I'm greatly to be congratulated."

The door closed suddenly behind him. It was Beamer, who was "fading." And he was "fading" in an eye-fixed morosity of gloom which, before the week was over, was to take him out of that atmosphere of moral laxity forever and into another, and a better, firm.

"There is something else, too, which I ought to bring up," resumed Wallingham, somewhat deprecatingly; "Georgina has conceived the idea—you might say as a sort of—of bridal present—and I concur very heartily in it myself—has conceived the idea of making it rather more pleasant for—for those who lately worked so closely beside her. Briefly, we have felt that by taking an extra room or two (I should, of course, insist upon meeting the cost myself), and dividing them into a series of smaller cabinets, they could be made mutually sound-proof, as it were, and be otherwise arranged with a view toward—toward ——" He began to mop his face.

"Sounds like a capital idea, my boy," said the Colonel. "Only the rest of us come in on it, too!"

"—— And the telephone and office-boys—it would be most convenient to leave them where they are at present—Georgina has naturally done a great deal of thinking about these things. In fact, she may wish to go further in the way of adding to the comfort of the girls from—from her own private allowance."

"Therein she merely gives another revelation of her character," commended Talbot Smith with warmth.

Pity the Poor Poet

(As He Wrote It)

Myrtilla's mouth is small and red,
Her eyes are big and blue,
The hair is golden on her head,
Her skin is creamy hue.

(As Copied by a Northern Paper)

Myrtilla's mouth is small and red,
Her eyes are big and blue,
The hair is creamy on her head,
Her skin a golden hue.

(As Copied by a Southern Paper)

Myrtilla's eyes are small and red,
Her mouth is big and blue,
The hair is creamy on her head,
Her skin a golden hue.

(As Copied by a Western Paper)

My tailor's eyes are small and red,
His mouth is big and blue,
The hair is creamy on his head,
His skin a golden hue.

—*Harold Susman.*

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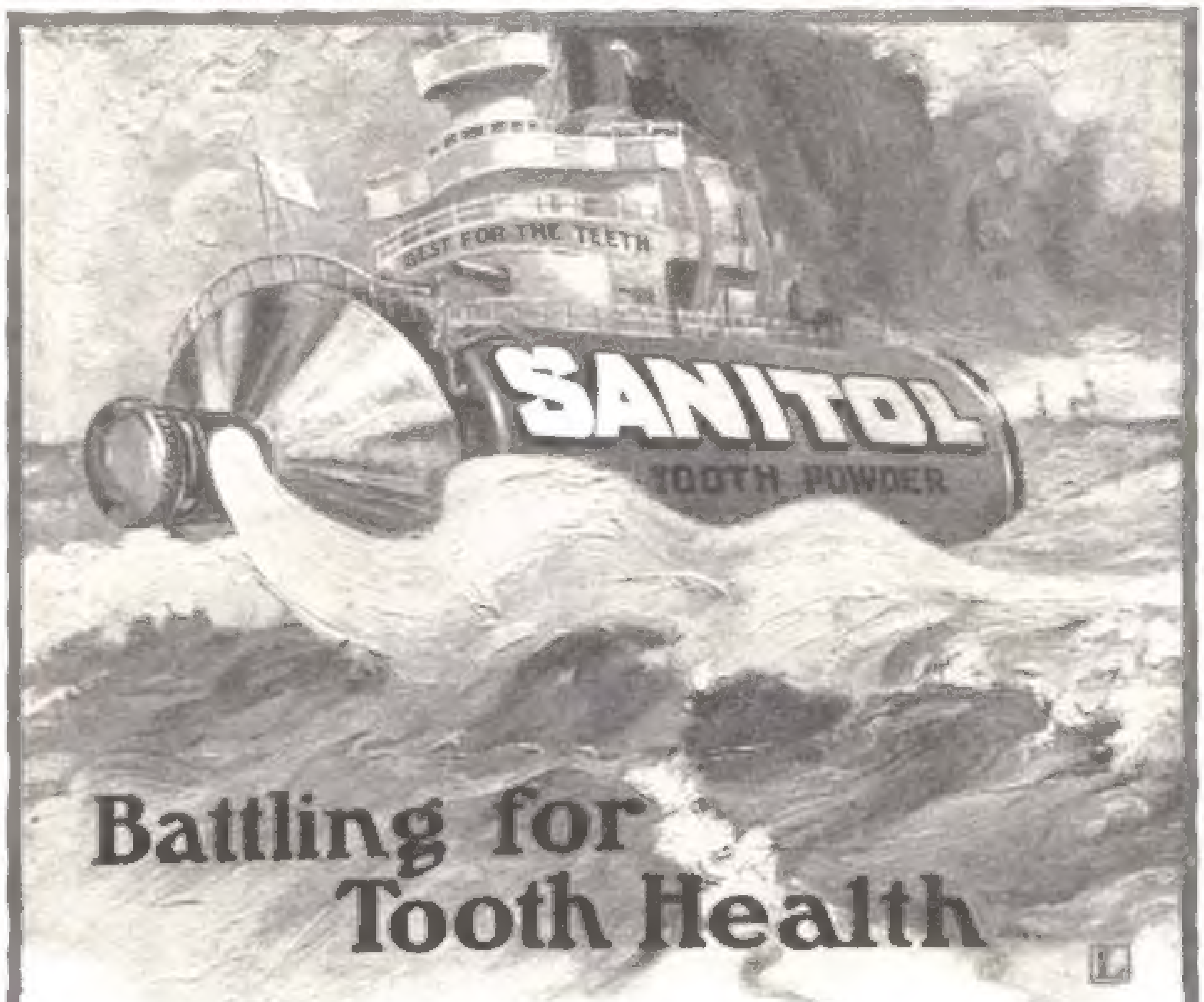

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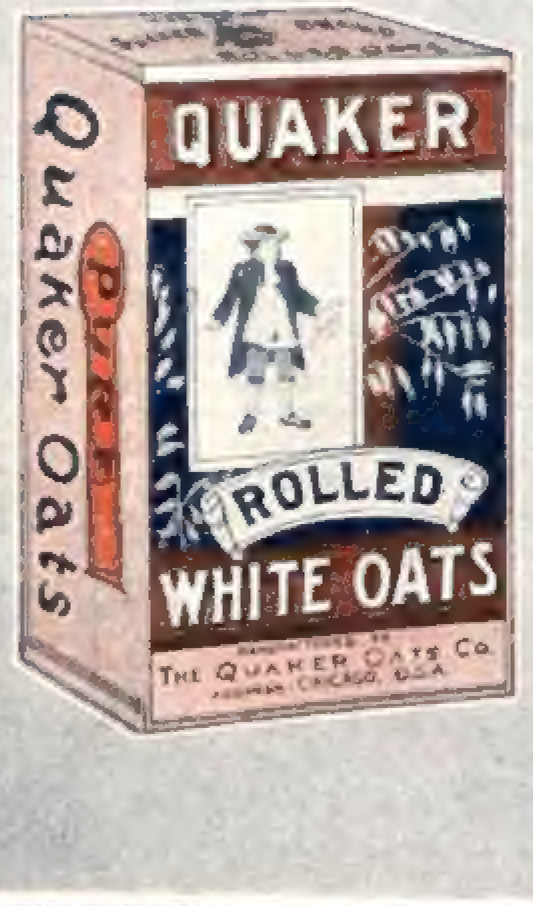
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